

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 750

APRIL 12, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884

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THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR, APRIL 4—THE PROCESSION ENTERING WINDSOR CASTLE  
BY HENRY VIII.'S GATEWAY



## Topics of the Week

**THE LONDON MUNICIPALITY BILL.**—After all, the municipal reformers in London were gratified by the introduction of the Municipal Bill before the House broke up for the Easter holidays. What may be its chances after the reassembling of Parliament no one can tell, for in these days the progress of a measure may be obstructed by all sorts of unexpected difficulties. On the whole, however, it seems probable that the Bill will reach the Upper House in good time; and, if the Liberals keep well together in supporting it, it is scarcely likely that the Lords will venture to throw it out. We have repeatedly expressed our belief that the scheme excites little popular interest; and this opinion we still hold. In London there is scarcely a trace of that feeling of corporate life which is so strong in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, and many other large towns. London is really a vast collection of villages; and although people may give some attention to what concerns their own immediate neighbourhood, they do not care much about matters which affect the capital as a whole. This accounts in part, no doubt, for the comparative indifference with which Sir William Harcourt's Bill is regarded; but it is also true that there is much uncertainty as to the probable effects of the system which is, perhaps, about to be established. That there ought to be some change in the methods by which London is governed hardly any one disputes; and, in dealing with this part of his subject, Sir William Harcourt had no very formidable task. The really difficult question is whether the wants of particular districts are likely to receive adequate consideration from a municipal Parliament representing a population as large as that of many an independent State. Would not the affairs of Westminster, Lambeth, the City, and the other great divisions be more economically and more effectually administered if each had a Council of its own? It is by no means clear that this would not be a better solution of the problem than the one which the Government has proposed; and we may expect that some such plan will be advocated in Parliament by those who have a wholesome dread of the present tendency towards over-centralisation. Should the Bill introduced on Tuesday become law, it will only remain for us to hope that London may be more fortunate in her representatives than Paris and New York have been in theirs.

**THE FRANCHISE BILL DIVISION.**—Thanks to the Parnellites, the Second Reading of this Bill was passed by a substantial majority. Mr. Gladstone was evidently angling for the Irish vote when he reiterated his queer argument about "remoteness" entitling to increased representation. According to this doctrine, the Scilly Islands, Shetland, and above all St. Kilda, should be specially provided with M.P.'s, for they are all far more inaccessible than Ireland. But in real truth, this argument, which might have deserved some consideration in Mr. Pitt's days, has no weight at all in an era of railways and telegrams. Ireland, moreover, as has been justly said, is actually no farther off than the Westminster Palace Hotel, and the "remote theory" would never have been heard of had not Mr. Gladstone desired to wheedle the lambs of the Parnell fold into his sheepcote. Let us, however, examine the question a little more broadly. The justification for the present Franchise Bill is that it is a necessary deduction from the Reform Act of 1867, when the principle was established that every householders ought to have a vote. The Conservatives (foolishly, we believe, for their own true interests) had not the pluck to enfranchise the rural householders, but the principle was then affirmed that numbers ought to prevail. People, however, must not blow hot and cold; and, as the population of Ireland has been reduced by emigration, she ought, according to strict Radical theories, to send fewer Members to Parliament. This, however, is, after all, but a trifling matter, and, as regards Ireland, we would sooner err on the side of generosity than of meanness. The great triumph would be to persuade the Irish constituencies that they are citizens of the mighty British Empire, and not discontented aliens planted in its midst. Better to have a hundred and twenty Members who would work amicably with the representatives of Great Britain than fifty sour Obstructives. The Bill is by no means safe as yet. It has to pass among the rocks and shoals of Committee, and to face the ordeal of the Lords. We are unable to sympathise with Mr. Goschen's objections. We do not care a straw whether the newly-enfranchised voters happen to be farm-labourers or artisans, or whether their voices will favour Toryism or Radicalism. They are householders of the United Kingdom, and as such, upon the principles of 1867, they are entitled to the full rights of citizenship. That they may be trusted to exercise the suffrage has been pretty conclusively proved by the successive experiments of 1832 and 1867.

**VOLUNTEERING.**—There are some caricatures by Gillray and Rowlandson which show what was the popular idea of volunteering at the beginning of this century. They are in the style of Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley," and they may be compared also with those cartoons in which Daumier and Gavarni satirised the National Guardsmen of

Louis Philippe's reign. In none of these could the Volunteer of to-day see the reflection of his own image. Volunteering has become more and more a serious business, and whatever amusement is to be got out of it is generally the reward of very hard work. It is no empty compliment to say of the corps which will take part in the Easter manoeuvres that they offer a really gratifying contrast to the corps of even twenty years ago. The youngster who had joined for the sake of the uniform and dawdled through his drills; the lark young man who played tricks in the ranks; the "odd file," who, with his tongue in his cheek, gave back-answers to his officers; are all to be numbered among the adornments which Volunteer corps have generally thought fit to suppress. What Volunteer of to-day could think without a shudder of the facetious fellows who used the barrels of their rifles as cigar-cases; and where is that R.V.C. Colonel, who, forgetting the proper word of command, shouted to his men, "Hi, there! turn up Chancery Lane?" The good marksman who makes a fine yearly profit out of his shooting; the athlete who delights in marches and encampments; the young fellow who feels that drills have done his health good and keep him steady; and the studious Volunteer who is ambitious of a commission—these are the kinds of men who now form the nucleus of most corps, and their good influence radiates among their companions. The one great thing to be noted as to modern Volunteering is that there is no play or empty pretence about it; so far as it goes it engrosses the most thoughtful energies of those who take part in it.

**LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES.**—If the members of the Government think of reviewing their position during the recess, they will probably decide that, on the whole, they have no reason to be dissatisfied. It is true that their policy in Egypt and the Soudan has been, and is, almost universally condemned; but the Division on the Second Reading of the Franchise Bill proved that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons is still loyal to its leaders; and the chances are that the vote fairly represented the tendency of opinion in the country. The strength of the Government is unquestionably due in some measure to the incapacity of the Conservative chiefs. Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote have had many brilliant opportunities; but it cannot be said that they have shown either skill or vigour in taking advantage of the blunders they have denounced. Probably, however, the chief cause of the continued popularity of the Government is that it is definitely committed to certain large schemes of political reform. The majority of the nation evidently desire that the electoral system shall be placed on a reasonable and intelligible basis, that the methods of local government shall be brought into accordance with modern needs, and that such changes shall be made in the land laws as shall be likely to lead to a larger investment of capital in the business of agriculture. On none of these questions do the Conservatives seem to have a very clear policy. Lord Randolph Churchill poses occasionally as a Tory Democrat; but there is no evidence that his notions have made much impression on the working classes; and, besides, Lord Randolph Churchill can hardly be taken as a representative of the real sentiments of the Conservative party. On the very subjects about which the utterances of the Tories are least decisive the Liberals speak out most frankly. In the background, of course, there are large questions about which men like Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain hold very different opinions; but about matters within the scope of what may be called practical politics the Liberal party is firmly united. It is not at all likely that the Conservatives will recover the ground they have lost until Parliament has finally disposed of the most important of the proposals about which Whigs and Radicals are agreed.

**NUBAR PASHA.**—After the terrible military mutiny in India, in 1857, a great deal was heard about the evils of "the double government," and those who wished to destroy the last relics of the authority of the East India Company skilfully reiterated the phrase until their purpose had been accomplished. But, whatever might be the shortcomings of John Company—and, without doubt, his system was defective—the Directors in Leadenhall Street, and the Queen's Ministers in Downing Street, were at all events fellow-countrymen, with no special divergence of creed, class, or education. If we want a specimen of a really discordant "double government," we have only to turn to Egypt, and there we find one with a vengeance. That the Egyptian and the British officials have hitherto got on together as well as they have is chiefly due to the fact that European foreigners of various nationalities have for many years enjoyed a predominance in Egypt, and that, therefore, the native officials have been accustomed to be snubbed and bullied in a way which the people of no really independent country would stand for an hour. But since Tel-el-Kebir the friction has become intensified, chiefly because the English, though virtually masters of Egypt, have made belief that the Khedive was an independent potentate. Hence the reforms which energetic British officials such as Mr. Clifford Lloyd have endeavoured to introduce have been thwarted by the prejudice or the inertia of native authorities, who were theoretically servants of his Highness the Khedive, and in no way amenable to British control. The ill-feeling, too, caused by these conflicting elements is aggravated by the presence of a number of foreigners, all fighting for their own hand, and

jealous of British supremacy. Matters seem at last to be coming to a crisis. Egypt loathes our lukewarm policy, and would, if she dared, "spew us out of her mouth." What is to be done? The best thing of all would be to safeguard the Canal and leave Egypt to settle her own affairs without outside interference. But this is impossible. Foreigners would flock in, and, being there, would meddle. The other alternative is to administer Egypt as we administer India.

**MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.**—The pretty romance contained in the story of Lord Euston's marriage was sure to set social reformers inquiring once more whether our marriage laws are not too lax. If the Earl were a foreigner, he could not have fallen into his trouble, for he must have asked his father's consent to his intended marriage; and the lady, on her side, must have furnished documentary proof of her first husband's death before she could take a second. The numerous formalities to which foreigners must submit before they can get wedded have, however, had a worse effect than the discouraging of early or improvident marriages: they have caused wedlock to become rarer and rarer among certain classes; whilst among the wealthy classes they have produced the *mariage de convenance*, which is not a beautiful thing by any means. It may be true, under some circumstances, that a man who cannot choose a wife for himself will live happily with a wife selected for him by his friends; but foreign laws are based on the assumption that no man ought to be trusted to choose a wife for himself so long as he has parents or grandparents to advise him in his selection; and foreign custom, growing out of these laws, has converted most marriages into simple business-like partnerships, which offer the same proportion of failures as partnerships of other kinds. There may be fewer improvident marriages abroad than here, if we take providence to mean nothing beyond pecuniary arrangements; but if we grant that a little free-will on both sides and mutual inclination ought to be the essential preliminary to a marriage, then we may rest satisfied with our insular customs, which give us not only more marriages, but happier marriages, and a greater number of happy homes. The occasional *mesalliance* of a Peer proves nothing except what concerns that Peer individually. Some great noblemen have taken wives much below them in station, and have done very well for themselves.

**WOMAN SUFFRAGE.**—In Committee on the Franchise Bill this question will be raised by Mr. Woodall, who will move that where words signifying the masculine are used they shall be interpreted as including the feminine. At first sight this amendment seems to apply to married no less than to unmarried women; but Mr. Woodall explains that by a judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench it has been decided that married women do not possess the right to vote. In their case, therefore, if it were proposed to admit them to the franchise, a separate clause would have to be introduced. It is very improbable that there will be a majority in favour of the claims even of spinsters and widows; but we may at least expect that the opponents of woman suffrage will refrain from trotting out those venerable jokes which used to do such good service when the idea of a woman voting had an air of novelty. It is now pretty generally understood that the proposal is a serious one, and that not a few solid arguments may be advanced in support of it. We are still solemnly reminded sometimes that no woman has done such work as Plato, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, and Beethoven; but it is beginning to be perceived that that fact hardly proves that the average woman is not as capable as the average man of forming an independent judgment on political questions. A more formidable objection is that the admission of women to the franchise might tend to blunt, or even to destroy, what are justly held to be distinctively feminine qualities. The same dismal prophecies were uttered when women began to compete with men in literature, but nobody talks nowadays of "blue-stockings;" and if the right of women to take part in politics were recognised, the political woman would be found to be quite as harmless as the literary woman. Moreover, the interests of women would receive a very different amount of attention from that which is now accorded to them in Parliament. Why do not the Tories "dish" the Liberals by making this one of their party questions? Women are, as a rule, more conservative than men; and the followers of Sir Stafford Northcote should not forget that on this subject Lord Beaconsfield held the opinions of John Stuart Mill.

**ATLANTIC CASUALTIES.**—Of all the much-frequented ocean routes that across the North Atlantic is the most hazardous. It lies chiefly along the latitudes which are known to sailors as the "Roaring Forties," and which are especially prolific in violent gales of wind; in the early summer icebergs are prevalent, and throughout the year fogs are encountered both on the British and the American coasts. Add to this that the track between New York and Halifax on the one side, and London and Liverpool on the other, is dotted over with vessels, and therefore the risks of collision, even in mid-ocean, are by no means small. It is a consolation to know, after enumerating all these causes of peril, that, in proportion to the enormous traffic carried on, the casualties are few in number. During the last few days, however, there has been an unusual crop of Atlantic disasters. A sailing ship went ashore on the Irish coast, a



Cunard steamer was disabled by losing a blade of her propeller, and another steamer struck on a shoal when leaving Halifax. But by far the most lamentable disaster was that which befell the *Daniel Steinmann*, which also grounded off Halifax, had her decks swept by the waves, and presently foundered with a loss of a hundred and twenty lives. Previous bad weather seems to have prevented the captain from taking observations, and owing to this he mistook one light for another, in spite of the warning of a foghorn. We would not say a word to prejudice this case, but would it not be well if, when captains felt uncertain about their course, they would imitate the cautious policy of the old navigators, and wait for daylight? What is the loss of (say) twelve hours, as balanced against a hundred and twenty lives? The terrible shipwreck of the *City of Columbus*, off the coast of Massachusetts, though directly due, according to the official finding, to careless navigation, might have been altogether avoided, if an outside course, involving a few more hours' steaming, had been adopted.

**PRISON WORK.**—It is satisfactory to find that the authorities of the Holloway and Coldbath Fields Prisons have settled the long-vexed question of competition between free labour and prison labour; but how comes it that other gaols have remained so long without following their example? A firm of mat makers have been explaining that for the last twelve years they have held a contract with the two above-named prisons, by which the labour of prisoners has been leased to them; and the result is that instead of employing fewer free workmen than before, or reducing the wages of these hands, they are hiring more workmen than ever, and at higher wages than formerly. The system of selling mats cheaper from gaols than they could be bought of manufacturers was never a kind one to prisoners, for it put it out of their power to earn profitable wages after their discharge by this handicraft which they had been taught in confinement. But there is room for considerable improvement in prison labour all round. In Germany and Switzerland prisoners are given work according to their aptitudes, whatever these may be. A man of education is not set to weave mats or to cobble shoes; he makes up the books of tradesmen, does translations for publishers, or corrects works for the press. It is the same with skilled artisans of all kinds. Employment is procured for them at the ordinary rates of wages, and by these means they are often enabled to pay for their own keep in gaol, and to contribute towards the support of their families. Our English system presses most heavily upon untried prisoners. A shoemaker, a tailor, a journeyman clockmaker, jeweller, or engraver has often to spend two or three months before his trial in absolute idleness, when he might be earning good wages if only prison routine allowed him to work in his cell. This is a real grievance. Only the other day a poor woman, whose husband had been committed for trial, asked a magistrate whether the prisoner could not work at his trade in gaol, as his master, a tailor, was willing to give him employment; the magistrate had to answer that he was powerless in the matter, and possibly the governor of the prison made the same reply. The people who have power to remedy abuses seem always difficult to get at.

**CHEAP JUSTICE.**—In a letter to the *Times* the other day "A Parochial Clergyman" called attention to the fact that the working classes are practically prohibited from what he calls "the precincts" of the Divorce Court. In his parish a working man desired to get rid of "a faithless wife, who has deserted him in the most shameless way." It seems, however, that if the aggrieved husband endeavoured to obtain justice he would have to pay 30*l.* or 40*l.*, even if the case were undefended. This sum is, of course, far beyond the resources of one who depends on weekly wages; so that here is a clear case in which there is virtually no possibility of redress for a great wrong. The conclusion of "A Parochial Clergyman" is that the Divorce Court should either be abolished altogether, or be made accessible to the poor as well as to the rich; and in this judgment probably most people will agree with him. It is, indeed, of urgent importance that redress for all kinds of civil injuries should be made less costly than it is now. Mr. Herbert Spencer contends that the entire expenditure connected with the administration of justice should be borne by the community; his idea being that if wronged persons could promptly appeal to the proper tribunals without risk of personal loss, it would be unnecessary for the State to interfere in matters in the control of which it has hitherto wasted much of its strength. This proposal is open to obvious objections; but a demand for "cheap justice" is surely not unreasonable. It is all very well to say that if access to the Courts were easy there would be a vast amount of needless litigation. That would be a fair argument if all classes had at present an equal chance; but the result of our present system is that the rich man can always secure for himself the protection of the law, whereas the poor man must often submit to grievances which he cannot afford to resent in the only manner that would be really effectual.

**SUBURBAN LONDONERS.**—A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* brings a series of terrible charges against the inhabitants of our suburbs. They have no corporate spirit, and their lives are "flimsy," "narrow," "sterile," and "dusty." Without attempting to impugn this gentleman's

injurious epithets we should like to ask him how he defines a suburb. Forty years ago Pentonville, Hoxton, Bow, Walworth, and Knightsbridge formed the outer ring of suburbs. Beyond them the green fields began. Are these highly respectable places suburbs still, or have they, being merged in the great Babylon, lost these unpleasant attributes of flimsiness and sterility? Our own experience is that the so-called suburbs are wonderfully like Central London. We went the other day to a region where, less than twenty years ago, there were hayfields, and hedgerows, and old-fashioned farmhouses. It was fully four miles' radius from the General Post Office, yet there were big shops, and a bustle in the main thoroughfare not unworthy of Cheapside. The truth is that five-sixths of London are more or less suburban. The exceptions are the City; the waterside district where the Docks are situated; the region between the Euston Road and the river; a small tract on the Surrey side as far as the Obelisk; and what is generically known as the West End. Nor do we believe that the lives of the suburbanists are so dull as this pessimist would make out. It is quite true that if a resident of Stoke Newington is dependent for social intercourse upon friends respectively resident at Eltham, Croydon, and Hammersmith, he will spend a large part of his evening existence in cabs, omnibuses, and railway trains. But few people need be so restricted as this. Suburban neighbours, especially those best worth knowing, are naturally shy and suspicious at first. But with patience and perseverance, any family of fairly agreeable qualities, may soon establish pleasant acquaintances within easy distances. The suburban philosopher will content himself with such, and will only make more distant excursions when he goes to visit his wife's relations, who, it will be noticed, generally manage to plant themselves in ungetatable localities.

**PRACTICAL FOOLING.**—If Lord Coleridge were delivering one of his sermons from the Bench over the head of a practical joker, we can imagine how he would express amazement that any human being could take pleasure in hoaxing his fellow men. Unfortunately, the pleasure is a very great one to some minds, and few of us can deny that it is always amusing to read of a practical joke, however much we may sympathise with the victim. But the best part of the joke comes when the perpetrator is found out, and is made in his turn to drink the wine of astonishment. Few jokers keep up their spirits under these retributive circumstances, and in fact we are led to form a very low estimate of the characters and courage of practical fools as a class when we see with what abject cowardice they generally behave when brought to book. The other day some boys at Highgate put some stones between railway points, and were sentenced to be whipped. They had prepared their nerves for the shock of seeing two trains come into collision, but the idea of a birch being brought into violent contact with some part of their own persons was too much for them, and a lamentable whine was raised in court both by themselves and their friends about their health. It would probably be much the same if the pleasant fellow who made an April fool of a Bond Street tradesman fell into the grasp of his evidently exasperated dupe. We should hear appeals made to a magistrate on behalf of his deep contrition, his youth, his prospects in life, the hereditary imbecility of his family, and what not. Magistrates, however, ought to close their ears to these prayers, and when they get hold of a practical joker should make an example of him as a social pest. The simpleton who orders parcels to be sent to a house where they are not wanted is own brother to that worse kind of fool who dresses up in a sheet and starts out of the dark to frighten servant-girls or children into epileptic fits.



**THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS** is now OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket (next the Theatre).

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE**, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**"ANNO DOMINI."** By EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISEKI's Picture of "CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB," and other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1*s.*

**NEW PICTURES ON VIEW.** SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND  
ARTISTS' PROOFS OF "HERE THEY COME." A Remarkably Clever Picture by BLINKS and PRATT.  
THE YOUNG PRINCE. By ROSA BONHEUR and GILBERT.  
HIS ONLY FRIEND. By BRITON RIVIERE and STEELE.  
POMONA. By J. E. MILLAIS and S. COUSINS, R.A.  
Engravings of "WEDDED," "POMONA," "VIOLA," "HIS ONLY FRIEND," "SMOKER," "HARMONY," &c., 2*s.* each.  
GEO. REES, Savoy House, 115, Strand, London. Near Waterloo Bridge.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**—Managers, Messrs ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY.—Twice on Easter Monday, at 3 and 8, "A MOSS ROSE RENT," written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. After which an entirely new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled "A LITTLE DINNER," concluding with "A DOUBLE EVENT," written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed, music by Corney Gray. Morning Performances every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1*s.* and 2*s.*; Stalls, 3*s.* and 5*s.* Booking Office now open 10 to 6. No charge for looking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

**MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EASTER MONDAY.**—The EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL, England's Home of Mystery, will be RE-OPENED, after structural alterations and improvements, on BANK HOLIDAY, when Psycho's new mysteries will be presented for the first time. During Easter Week the performance will be given twice daily, Afternoon at Three; Evening at Eight.—W. MORTON, Manager.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1884.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS  
Will celebrate their Nineteenth Annual  
EASTER HOLIDAY FESTIVAL  
in the  
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.  
EASTER MONDAY. AFTERNOON at 3.  
EASTER MONDAY. NIGHT at 8.  
EVERY ITEM IN THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE NEW.  
NEW AND IMPORTANT ADDITIONS  
to the already Magnificent Company.  
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS  
in the most Beautiful Hall in London.  
Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.  
The World-famed  
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS  
EASTER ENTERTAINMENT  
will commence on MONDAY,  
When Special Performances will be given in the  
AFTERNOON at 3,  
NIGHT at 8.  
Another Day Performance will be given on  
EASTER TUESDAY AFTERNOON at 3.  
EVERY ITEM IN THE EASTER PROGRAMME IS NEW.  
Engagement of the Celebrated American Comedian,  
Mr. WARD,  
And the American Sensationalist,  
MAJOR BURK.  
First time of  
THE DUDE'S QUADRILLE,  
With Splendid Costumes by ALIAS.  
Mr. G. W. MOORE  
And the powerful phalanx of plain comedians, in New and Screaming Comic Acts.  
FIVE THOUSAND LUXURIOUS SEATS.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.  
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS  
will give  
DAY PERFORMANCES  
OF THEIR NEW PROGRAMME  
On EASTER . . . . . MONDAY,  
On . . . . . TUESDAY,  
On . . . . . WEDNESDAY,  
And on . . . . . SATURDAY,  
Commencing each Day at 3.  
Doors open at 2.30.  
Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.  
EVERY WEST END OMNIBUS  
Runs direct to the Doors of St. James's Hall.

**PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE of WIGHT, via the Direct**  
Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West End and City  
Stations.

Fast Through Trains and Boat Service as under:									
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria Station. . . . . dep.	6.35	8.0	10.30	11.35	1.45	3.55	4.55	7.15	
London Bridge . . . . .	6.45	8.10	10.40	11.45	1.50	4.0	5.0	7.25	
Portsmouth . . . . . arr.	9.25	10.0	1.10	2.15	4.22	6.35	7.32	10.20	
Cowes . . . . .	11.31	3.10	3.10	3.20	4.41	8.50			
Ryde . . . . .	10.15	12.40	1.50	3.0	5.10	7.25			
Sandown. . . . .	10.55	1.32	2.42	3.41	5.53	8.7			
Shanklin. . . . .	11.1	1.38	2.48	3.47	5.59	8.13			
Ventnor. . . . .	11.15	1.51	3.1	4.0	6.12	8.27			

C—On Thursday and Saturday, April 10th and 12th, there will be a Special Through Service by this Train from London to the State of the Islands.

D—On Thursday and Saturday, April 10th and 12th, there will be a Special Through Service by this Train from London to Cowes via Ryde.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**  
ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.  
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on April 10th and 12th (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

**BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and on GOOD FRIDAY,**  
A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10*s.*

**VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.—EASTER MONDAY.**—For particulars of arrangements for both the Public and Volunteers, see Special Programme and Bills.  
After departure of the Volunteer Special Trains on Easter Monday, Special Fast Trains will leave Victoria 8.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge 9.0 a.m. for Havant and Portsmouth direct, at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS**  
DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.**—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—  
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**NOTICE.**—The Number this week consists of TWO SHEETS, the greater part of which is occupied with ILLUSTRATIONS referring to the OBSEQUES of HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE LEOPOLD.

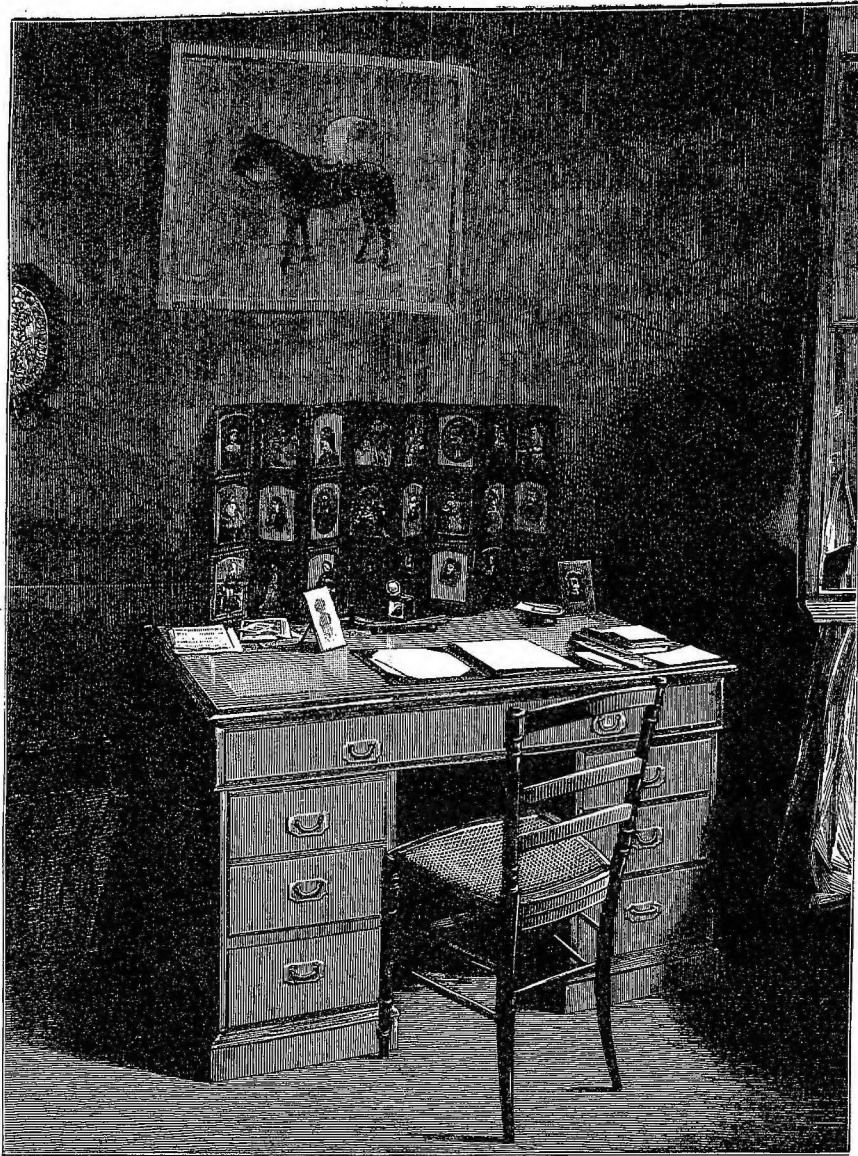


### THE ROYAL VAULT BENEATH THE ALBERT CHAPEL

THE building now known as the Albert Memorial Chapel was erected by Henry VII. as a mausoleum for the reception of his own remains, but he finally decided on Westminster Abbey as his last resting-place, and for some years the chapel lay neglected. Then Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from Henry VIII., and it was called the Wolsey Tomb House. At his fall it again reverted to the Crown. Charles I. intended to fit it up as a Royal Tomb House, but the Civil Wars came, and the chapel was defaced by the Puritans. James II. determined to use it for the celebration of the Roman Catholic ceremony. Again it was defaced by an angry mob, and for a hundred years remained unused. At last George III. resolved to build beneath it a royal vault. An excavation was accordingly made in the strata of the chalk extending to the depth of fifteen feet.

The vault is arched, the centre being occupied by a long quadrangular slab of stone raised a couple of feet above the level of the pavement. The arched recesses in the walls are provided with stone shelves, some of which have been occupied for many years by coffins of deceased members of the Royal Family. The following personages have been here interred:—Prince Octavius and Prince Alfred—two sons of George III., whose remains were removed from Westminster Abbey; the Duchess of Brunswick, the Princess Adelaide, and the Princess Elizabeth—children of the Duke of Clarence; Prince Harold, infant son of the Prince and Princess Christian, who died in 1876. In 1810 the Princess Amelia was buried here, in 1817 the Princess Charlotte, in 1818 Queen Charlotte, in 1820 the Duke of Kent, in 1820 George III., in 1827 the Duke of York, in 1830 George IV., in 1837 William IV., in 1840 Princess Augusta, in 1849 Queen Adelaide, and in 1878 George V., King of Hanover. The entrance to the vault is at the front of the altar steps in St. George's Chapel. A narrow flight of steps leading into it was constructed in 1873, in the aisle at the back of the altar.

The coffin of King Charles I. was discovered within a very few yards of the spot



THE DUKE'S STUDY IN THE VILLA NEVADA, CANNES

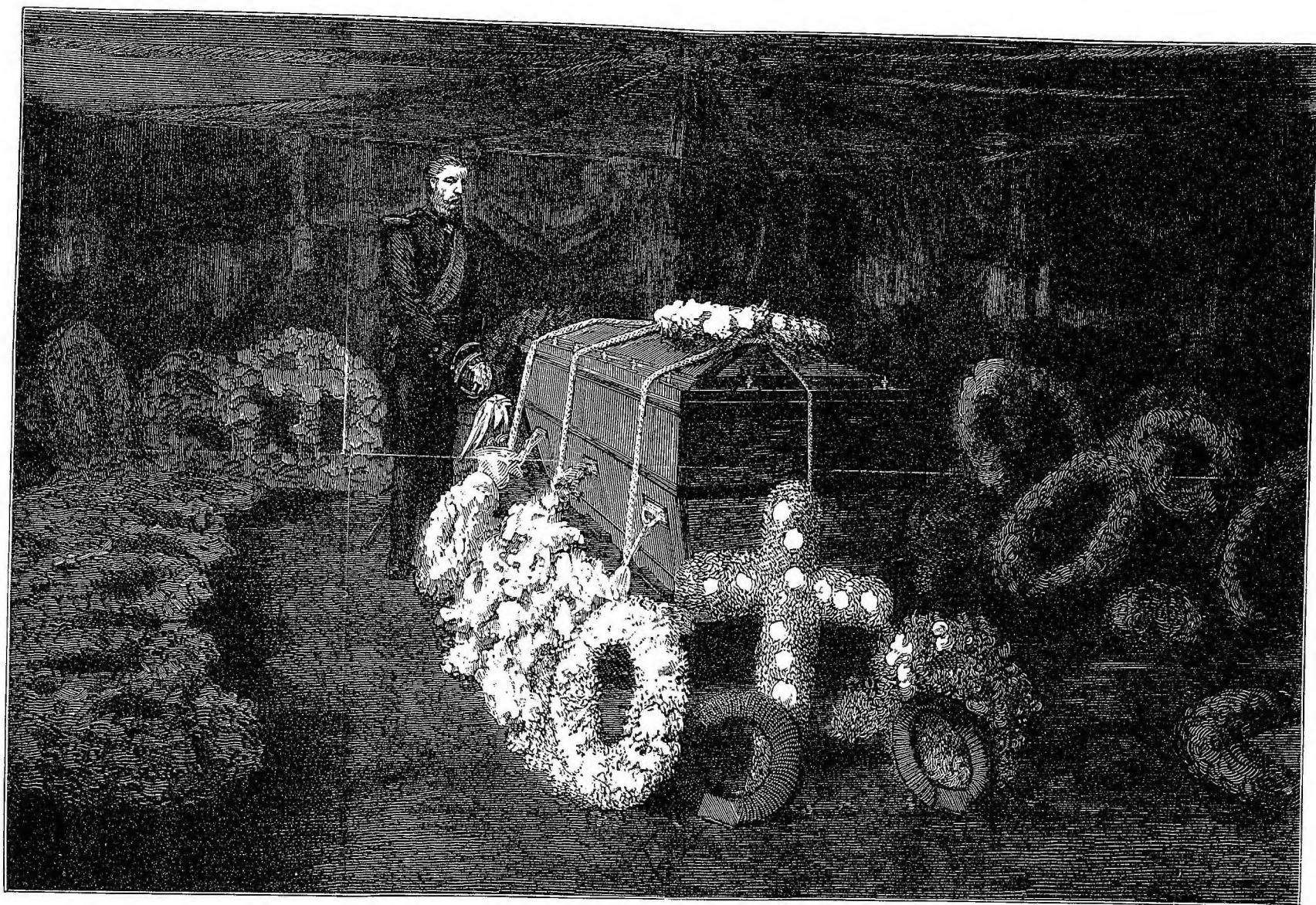
where the remains of the Duke of Albany are deposited. Lord Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," had raised doubts as to the actual interment of the body of King Charles at Windsor, as, when searched for many years later, after the Restoration, it could not be found. But while preparing for the burial of the Duchess of Brunswick, the workmen accidentally broke into the vault of Henry VIII., and found there, besides the coffins containing the bodies of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour, a third unidentified coffin. This discovery aroused the curiosity of the Prince Regent, and by his orders an examination was made on April 1, 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess. On removing the pall a plain leaden coffin, and bearing an inscription, "King Charles, 1648," in large characters, immediately presented itself to view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped up in a cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous matter mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude the external air. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black—a portion of it having been cleaned and dried was found to be of a beautiful dark brown colour; that of the beard was a redder brown; on the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner. On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could only have been produced by a heavy blow inflicted with a sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I. After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.



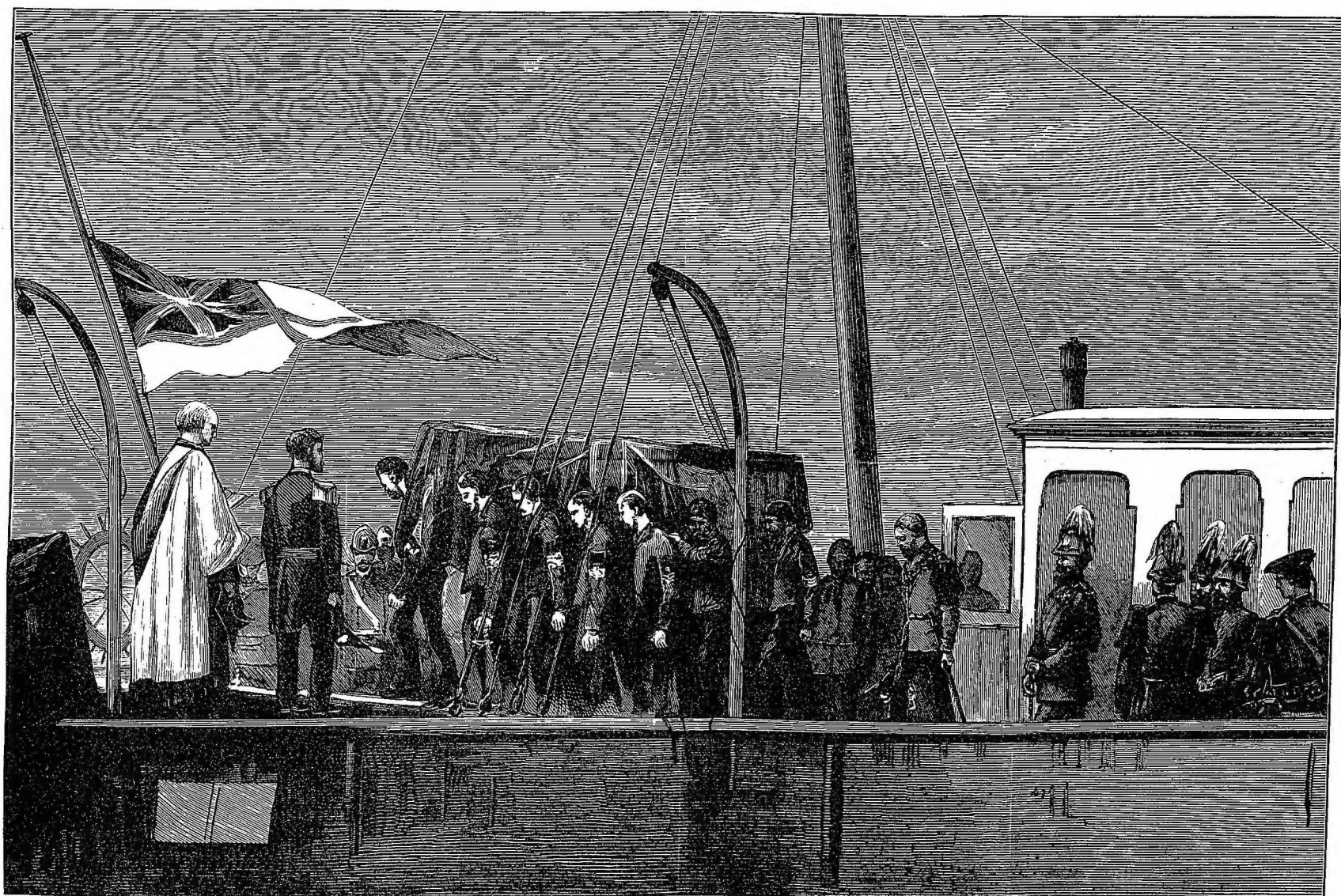
THE BEDROOM IN WHICH THE DUKE DIED, VILLA NEVADA, CANNES

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY





THE MORTUARY CHAMBER ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE"



BRINGING THE COFFIN ASHORE FROM THE "OSBORNE" IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH, APRIL 4



### "IN THE NICK OF TIME"

RARELY, in our various little wars of the last twenty years, has such good use been made of our cavalry as during the two recent campaigns in Egypt. So much so, indeed, that we have not only such a seeming anomaly as mounted infantry, but horse-marines, who to former generations of Jack Tars were as mythical as were black swans to the ancients, are now a reality. At Kassassin, in the ride to Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, when the Egyptian capital and Arabi himself surrendered to a handful of dragoons; at Teb when the 19th Hussars finally routed the enemy, driving them from their second position; and above all at Tamasi, when Colonel Wood's brigade swept down upon the horde of Arabs who had succeeded in breaking General Davis's square, the cavalry have rendered splendid service. Much valuable work, however, has been done which has never found its way into the columns of a newspaper or the leaves of a despatch—in scouting, reconnoitring, foraging, harassing the enemy, and numberless duties, many of which bore the most important results. Such, for instance, as that which Mr. Woodville has depicted in our double-page illustration. A scouting party has come upon a detachment of Arabi's troops in the act of firing a mine beneath a railway bridge in order to destroy the means of communication of the British troops. Our men, however, have appeared upon the scene in the nick of time, just as the Egyptian officer in charge is applying a light to the fuze. This picture was one of the most attractive at the Exhibition, now closed, of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. English military painters, as a rule, have been greatly distanced by their colleagues in France and Germany. But Mr. Woodville is young and full of talent, and we must look to him to beat De Neuville and Détaillé, which we are persuaded he will be able to do some day if he will only be not quite so prolific, and produce more careful work.

No battle-painter can now complain of want of good subjects. Perhaps nothing in history has afforded the artist more picturesque costumes than the mixture of Highlanders, sailors, and Indian troops who have lately been engaged in conflict with the Egyptians and the Arabs.

NOTE.—The engraving called "A Distaste for the Fine Arts," published the week before last, was from an oil painting by Mr. H. T. Munns.



MR. GLADSTONE IS PRONOUNCED MUCH BETTER, though his cough is still troublesome. He is spending the Easter recess at The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's seat, near Epsom.

THE STATE APARTMENTS AT HAMPTON COURT, closed in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany, were re-opened to the public on Monday.

AT A MEETING OF THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN, this week, a motion for an address of condolence to the Queen on the death of the Duke of Albany was opposed by an ex-treasurer of the Land League, but the amendment which he moved finding no seconder, he left the Council Chamber, and the address was voted unanimously.

THE PROCEEDINGS at the approaching celebration of the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University are to be diversified by a Students' Symposium, an invitation to which has been accepted by Sir Stafford Northcote, their Lord Rector.

LORD DERBY received last week a deputation representing West Indian sugar producers and others interested in the sugar trade, who indicated the great injury inflicted on the Colonial sugar producer and the domestic sugar refiner by the Continental bounty system. To their suggestion that an International Conference should be summoned to promote the abolition of all bounties Lord Derby replied that, while he strongly objected to that system, he feared that any appeals to foreign Governments would be ineffectual. He would not condemn, but, on the contrary, would consider the other proposal to offer to the United States a repeal or reduction of the import duties now levied by the West Indian Governments on American bread stuffs, in return for concessions from the States favourable to West Indian sugar. But this was a delicate business to engage in, since it might lead to a commercial union between the West Indies and the United States, to the exclusion of the mother country.—On Saturday, at a meeting of delegates of working men interested in the domestic sugar industry, it was resolved that, as no relief could be obtained from the Government, an agitation should be promoted, and public meetings be summoned at the East End, to protest against the foreign bounty system, and to urge the adoption of measures to counteract its effects.

RECEIVING A DEPUTATION last week from the Amalgamated Seamen's Society, to express a cordial approval of the spirit of his Merchant Shipping Bill, Mr. Chamberlain said that, so far as the main objects and principles of the Measure were concerned, he would be as firm as a rock, and would not give way on a single point which affected the loss of life at sea.

AT A MEETING OF MANAGERS OF THE LONDON BOARD SCHOOLS, Mr. W. E. Forster spoke highly of their usefulness, though, of course, not having the power of the purse, the managers of such schools could not occupy the same position as those of voluntary schools. Without the efforts of managers, the whole School Board system would be conducted by teachers and inspectors, as it was impossible for the members of School Boards to pay more than occasional visits to the schools. Mr. Mundella, who followed Mr. Forster, also bore cordial testimony to the value of the work done by School Board managers, on whom the new Code imposed a new duty, that of looking after the health of the children. Some over-pressure might exist, but it was mainly due to the circumstance that many of the children were half-fed and badly kept, and therefore could not learn much. It was for managers to inform teachers what allowance should be made for those children, and also to suggest improvements in such matters as the curriculum of the London School Board, which he thought was not always adapted to the environment of the schools.

AT A SECOND CONFERENCE of representatives of Local Boards outside the City of London on the water supply of the metropolis it was agreed to support Mr. Torrens' Bill, in order to render the Dobbs judgment applicable to the whole of London, with the addition of a proviso that the net annual rateable value on which the assessments of the water companies are to be made should be that registered in the rate-books of the local authorities.

A KNIGHTHOOD HAS BEEN OFFERED TO MR. ALLPORT, late General Manager of the Midland Railway.

A SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY AND CURE OF INEBRIETY is being formed, with Dr. Norman Kerr as its President.

THE STATISTICS OF THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, held in December, show an increase of some hundreds in the number of candidates, and a slight decrease in the percentage of passes, both in the honours and the ordinary examination.

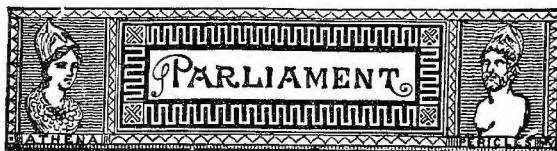
THE BUILDING ERECTED AT MAYBURY for the ill-fated Royal Dramatic College is to be converted into an Oriental University, Museum, and Free Guest House for natives of India belonging to the wealthier classes.

ON SATURDAY MR. HENRY GEORGE delivered a valedictory address to a London gathering of sympathetic Scotchmen, and in the evening was entertained by general admirers at a farewell banquet. The Chairman of the meeting, referring to the establishment of a Land Nationalisation Society in Glasgow, said that it had been the privilege of Scotchmen to lead the way in great reforms in other times, and that they would lead the way to the abolition of "the divine right of landlords." The Chairman at the banquet, a clergyman of the Church of England, declared private property in land to be contrary to the Ten Commandments and to the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. In replying to the toast of his health, Mr. George said that when he came to London he was greatly struck by two things, the one the permission given to the Duke of Bedford to place gates across London thoroughfares, so as to make people lose their trains, and the other that in the House of Commons ladies were caged. He hoped that the speedy fate of the gates would be followed by a fall of the cage.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS FOR MARCH show a noticeable increase in the import of Australian wheat.

A WICKED ATTEMPT has been made to burn the village of Carl, on the shore of Morecambe Bay, and close to the Duke of Devonshire's seat, Holker Hall. Early on Saturday morning the post-office was discovered to be on fire, a large quantity of paraffin having been poured on the floor of a store connected with it, evidently by an incendiary, who had set light to it. This fire having fortunately been extinguished, nine at other houses and business-premises in the village, paraffin was found poured out, along with matches and burned paper, showing that attempts had been made to light it, but in only one other instance with success, and in that, too, the flames were speedily extinguished.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of General James Travers, who served in the first Afghan War, in the Sutlej campaign of 1846, and specially distinguished himself during the Indian Mutiny, receiving the Victoria Cross for a "daring act of bravery" at Indore, in his sixty-third year; of Mr. Peter Squire, one of the founders and thrice President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, author of the "Companion to the British Pharmacopœia," in his eighty-sixth year; of Mr. John Wisden, a once-famous cricketer, in his fifty-eighth year; of Mr. John Henderson, who was M.P. for Durham from 1864 to 1874, at the age of seventy-six; and of Lady Brougham and Vaux, wife of the brother and successor of the celebrated Chancellor.



THERE is something pathetic in the position of the House of Lords. For the greater part of the Session they are the frozen-out gardeners of politics, and have no work to do. The last few weeks of the Session they have Bills which have been discussed for weeks in the Commons handed over to them with the injunction to be as sharp as possible in completing the formalities expected from them. Occasionally, more especially under the Leadership of Lord Salisbury, they close the Session amid a whirlwind of popular abuse, and hear repeated in all tones the injunction to set their House in order for its inevitable dismantling. At the end of last week, some days in advance of the Commons, they adjourned for the Easter Recess, and will extend their holiday beyond the limits permitted to the Lower House. On Monday, their own place being closed against them, they came down in considerable numbers to claim a seat in the inadequate gallery allotted to them in the House of Commons. There they sat listening to the debate on the Franchise Bill, prominent in the group being the white head of Lord Sherbrooke, probably full of memories of the brave old days of '66.

Mr. Gladstone was back in his place, considerably improved in health since his appearance on the previous Monday, when he moved the Vote of Condolence on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Albany. At best he looks ill, and physically worn out, a condition which, as his speeches testify, certainly does not extend to his mental capacity. He spoke for an hour on Monday with his habitual ease, and without testimony of weakness of voice. On the previous Thursday he had swept down like a whirlwind on the Conservative camp, dispersing in an astonishing manner the forces gathered round with the intention of raising another debate on affairs in Egypt. There was no occasion on Monday for repetition of that memorable speech, with its fiery energy of gesture, and its scorching denunciation. The Premier was quiet and argumentative, though complaining, not without admitted grounds, that there were no arguments against the Bill to answer. Pleased at the prospect of the early conclusion of the wearisome debate, and elated by the certainty of a great majority, the Premier lapsed into his bantering mood, which is always very effective. He greatly chaffed Mr. Gibson for his remark that the Premier in making his speech on the introduction of the Bill had "looked towards the Irish members." "The right hon. gentleman," he said, "is like the proud beauty who would not have one look at any face but her own," a little sally which greatly amused the House of Commons, but outside may require the explanatory note that Mr. Gibson sits immediately opposite the Premier, and that those glances, said to have been stolen at the Irish members, must needs have been directed away to the right, where the Irish camp is gathered below the Gangway.

Mr. Gladstone did not soar to the heights of peroration. He evidently acknowledged that his great speech had been made on the introduction of the Bill, and that there was no need in existing circumstances for him to make an impassioned appeal to his own forces. All he had to do was to reply to any arguments he might find in the overflowing bushel of words gathered during the debate, and then to sit down and await the division. Before that came there were many speeches to be made. At one time every man below the Gangway on the Liberal side rose in the effort to catch the Speaker's eye. But it is impossible to get a quart into a pint pot, and no one will regret, nor will any one be the worse for, the necessity of dispensing with these orations. Danger, it is true, looms in the near distance. Mr. Newdegate was among those who missed an opportunity of delivering their souls on the second reading. But the too-liberal Rules of Debate provide fresh openings on going into Committee. On this stage speeches prepared for the second reading may be delivered without let or hindrance. Mr. Newdegate, like an old campaigner, seized this opportunity by the hair, and will not only make his own speech, but will open the floodgates of talk to at least a dozen other gentlemen who have their speeches ready, and found no opportunity of delivering them on the second reading.

An event looked forward to with particular interest in the course of the sitting was the speech with which it was known Mr. Goschen was primed. On the introduction of the Bill, the Member for Ripon delivered an address regarded as heralding his approaching conversion to Liberal principles in the matter of Parliamentary Reform. He then admitted that he had been mistaken in his prognostication of evil as the result of the extension of the franchise in 1867. The working classes then enfranchised had not proved so revolutionary as his perturbed soul feared. But further reflection and attention to the course of debate on the present Bill has driven Mr. Goschen back into his old entrenchment. He sees more clearly than ever what will happen from this fresh extension of the franchise.

The Democracy, which is "already gripping the elbow of the Executive Government," will bind its body round about with their mighty arms, and compel it to take whatever course may seem good in their eyes. If there were any securities built around the Bill Mr. Goschen would receive it with greater equanimity. But as it is, with no provision for the representation of minorities, he will have none of it; and so he told the House in a speech continuously cheered from the Conservative Benches.

At midnight, members who had been bobbing up and down for hours in vain efforts to catch the Speaker's eye, folded up their notes, as the Arab his tent, and assilently stole away. It was evident the end was near now, and members who had crowded down in response to the urgent whip began to look with growing impatience on prolongation of talk, even by respectabilities, from either Front Bench. Sir S. Northcote's somewhat long commentary was scurvily treated by the audience. The Attorney-General escaped the passive snub of inattention or the active cry for the division only by strategically leaving the main arguments when impatience grew irresistible, and turning to answer Mr. Goschen. Anything of a personal character attracts the House in a manner which must be shocking and incomprehensible to Lord Coleridge. When the Attorney-General came to deal with Mr. Goschen, profound silence fell over the conversation party, and the restlessness which had hitherto embarrassed the speaker was changed for an attitude of attention. The Attorney-General did not spare his old colleague in the Ministry. He roundly declared that his speech could not be made by a member of the Liberal party, thereby intimating that he was henceforward an outcast, and drew a moving picture of Mr. Goschen going out, a solitary Liberal, to swell the ranks of Tory objection to reform.

At a quarter-past one on Tuesday morning the Speaker rose to put the question, and a sigh of relief was audible when it was observed that in despite of threats no attempt was made to stay him. Mr. Newdegate half rose from his seat, when doubtless there came that happy thought of making his speech on the motion to go into Committee, and he desisted. The great throng was a long time going out, and still longer returning. The Conservatives in particular were slow to go, and their footsteps dragged painfully on their return from the lobby. They had a pretty shrewd notion of what was coming, and did not desire to hasten the climax. Active young Liberals below the gangway, including Mr. Rylands and Mr. Potter, were back and seated before the thin line of the Conservatives had begun to straggle back. There was no cheering when the tellers assembled at the table and the paper was handed to Lord Richard Grosvenor. It was known the Government would win, and the only question was by how much? When the figures were read out, showing that in a House of 550 members the Second Reading of the Bill had been carried by a majority of 130, a roar of cheering burst from the Liberal Benches. This was a figure far exceeding what any on that side had dared to hope for. It included the Parnellite vote, usually given to the Conservatives. But even without that here was something like a round majority of a hundred as between Liberals and Conservatives on the question of Parliamentary Reform.

On Tuesday morning, the Home Secretary, availing himself of his last opportunity, brought in the Government of London Bill, which was granted a First Reading without controversy. The evening sitting the Irish members turned into a field night, making, according to their ordinary practice, a rumpus on the eve of the recess. The Speaker was put on his mettle by their conduct, and scored a decided victory, cowing even Mr. Healy. Some painful sensation was created by Mr. Newdegate, the respected member for North Warwickshire, twice going off into a fainting fit.



THE TURF.—To the regret of very many of the most ardent lovers of the Turf and its best supporters there has been racing during the present week at more than one centre, and it would almost seem that the long and properly-observed tradition is considered abandoned. Apart from all other considerations, surely a week's cessation from the toil, bustle, and excitement of the race-course would be most welcome to owners, trainers, jockeys, and officials of all degrees. We will still hope that better counsels may prevail in this matter; and if not, that the Jockey Club will intervene.—On the day's racing at Plumpton, of coursing fame, a remarkable instance of good fortune happened to an owner, Mr. E. Woodland, according to the old saw, "It never rains but it pours." There were six events to be decided: he started four different animals for four of them; each won its race; and the same jockey, Didman, was on each winner.—Another remarkable instance of success following success is associated with Captain Middleton and his evergreen Lord of the Harem, who together won their seventeenth race in succession at Leicester on Saturday last. It strikes one, however, that the conditions of certain races must require some modification in order to prevent one animal making such a clean sweep of them.—And yet another remarkable sequence of successes is that accomplished by Mr. E. P. Wilson, who by winning the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase at Leicester, has ridden four winners of that race in succession, and, curiously enough, all four of them were four-year-olds.

AQUATICS.—Some remarks on the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace will be found in another column.

ATHLETICS.—Yet another "record beaten," and this time again by Mr. W. G. George, who at the meeting of the London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge on Monday last beat all amateur and professional "bests" for ten miles, accomplishing the distance in 51 min. 20 sec., or in 6 sec. less than the famous "Deerfoot" did it in 1863.—The Oxford and Cambridge Competition the next day at Lillie Bridge produced some most exciting racing, though no very wonderful feats were accomplished. The trial competitions at the two Universities seemed to indicate that Cambridge would win the majority of the events in London, but it turned out exactly the other way, Oxford securing six out of the nine.

LACROSSE.—Cambridge University on its Crosse-tour has met with several unexpected reverses, but it had an easy victory over Oxtou, Cheshire. Its last match was with Liverpool, and it had to accept defeat at the hands of the Liverpoolians.—The annual match between Lancashire and Cheshire was won by the Lancastrians by nine games to three.

FOOTBALL.—The footballists have almost given the last kick for the season, but several interesting games have been played since our last Notes.—Queen's Park, the defeated at the Oval for the Association Cup, has had a friendly game with Notts, and won by three goals to none.—The Nottinghamshire Association Cup has fallen to Notts Forest; and the Derbyshire Cup to Staveley; while the Yorkshire Rugby Cup has been won by Bradford.—In an Association Game Surrey has beaten Cambridgeshire.

CHESS.—It would certainly seem that the mathematical training at Cambridge is better calculated than the more general curriculum of study at Oxford to develop the talent of chess playing. But however this may be, the fact remains that the seven champions of Cambridge have in the twelve annual competitions against Oxford had much the best of the tournaments, having previous to this year been victorious in seven out of the eleven



contests, one having been drawn. On Monday last at the St. George's Rooms, Albemarle Street, they again worsted their opponents.

**‘CYCLING.’**—A strong movement is on foot for the admission of tricycles to all the London parks, and the general feeling seems to be that there is no valid reason why the privilege should not be granted under certain regulations. The movement does not include bicycles, which might cause obstruction and dangerous accidents, owing to the fact that their riders cannot stop in the same way that bicyclists can. A suggestion has been made that asphaltic “rides” might be constructed for both classes of cyclists in the parks; and certainly loungers would be pleased to have this feature introduced. A correspondent sends us some interesting suggestions as to the construction of a cycling track from London to Brighton, parallel more or less to the main road. He calculated the cost of the first mile beyond Streatham at 7,000*l.*, and considers that this would be covered by the subscriptions of members; and the idea is that the length of the track should be added to each year according to circumstances. We are strongly inclined to think the project as feasible as it is novel.

### AN IRISH COUNTY FAMILY

CROSSING a high stone stile from the main road, a private foot-path ascends a narrow, wooded glen, down which a stream comes tumbling over rocks, drowning with its bluster every noise but its own. In summer time the glen is a maze of leaves above, and wild flowers beneath; but now the tall oak and ash stand out like skeletons, and the dark green of the silver fir and the red berries of the holly divide attention with the brown fern and the mossy stone. Some distance from the road a hare scampers across the path, and a woodcock darts from a bramble brake; further on a fallow deer, which is walking jauntily down the glen, turns suddenly off at right angles, dashes through the water, halts on a little knoll about a hundred yards away, faces sharply round, and, with head erect, stands at attention like a sentry challenging your right to pass. Zigzagging up the side of a foaming waterfall, which plunges madly over jutting rocks, you find yourself upon the avenue, as the carriage-drive is usually called in Ireland. The avenue, to which the path up the glen is a short cut, crosses a picturesque bridge a little above the waterfall, and, sweeping half-way round, pursues its course along the stream. Higher up there is a chain of ponds on ascending levels, and connected by cascades spanned by rustic bridgelets. A turn in the drive gives you a full view of a massive mansion, with a cut granite front and a bold pillared porch. It is a gentleman's place, and no mistake; and there is the gentleman himself, equally unmistakable, standing on the terrace. He is six feet four in height if he is an inch. His features are aquiline, his complexion fresh, and his smile pleasant. His hair and moustache are as white as snow, though once they were as black as jet. When young he served in the Life Guards, and what a handsome man he was to be sure, as he rode at the head of his troop down Whitehall, in all the bravery of helmet and cuirass; but an artist might perhaps consider him more handsome now, as, clad in a knickerbocker suit of grey Blarney tweed, relieved by a red necktie, he stands in easy attitude beside that fine old cedar. Though over sixty-five years old, he is as erect as ever, and his figure has not grown oblate by age. The country people call him the “Big Captain.” By his side there stands a specimen of the most affectionate and sagacious of the dog tribe, a pure-bred Irish water spaniel, liver-coloured and rat-tailed, the body thickly covered with small curls like Astrakhan fur, with ringlets falling over the ears, and a fringe across the forehead like a professional beauty's.

The Butlers, let us call them, have been located here for at least two centuries, the “Big Captain” being the seventh successive inheritor. He is vastly proud and fond of his dear old home. Its associations are for him full of the deepest interest. ‘Twas on that green plot, where the sundial stands, that two hundred rebels gave up their pikes to his grandfather one morning in ‘98, and received in return a full pardon in the King's name. It was his great-grandfather who planted that row of lordly beeches. His father erected the stone balustrade. Nearly every generation has left its mark by some embellishment or other. His own contribution is the Gothic conservatory.

The house, situated on the spur of a mountain which shelters it from the prevailing wind, commands a beautiful view of the sea over a richly-wooded landscape, broken by hill and dale, and dotted with gentlemen's parks. In fact the whole county is a pet part of Ireland, and the natural beauty of the scenery has combined with the purity of the atmosphere to render it a favourite place of residence with the upper class. Mount Butler is the centre of what society calls a good neighbourhood, and within this social firmament the Butlers rank with their titled friends as stars of the first magnitude. The ladies of the family, though all kindness and condescension to the poor people about them, are very exclusive as to their associates, and draw a sharp line around the set they move in. Balls and dinner-parties are now rare at the Mount, but during the summer season there are frequent garden-parties, enlivened by a military band from Dublin. Invitations to these entertainments are coveted by many, but are issued only to the select stratum which forms the cream of the county society. One of the Miss Butlers is married to a neighbouring Earl, and the others are pleased with the connection because it increases their *prestige* in the county. Everything they say or do is calculated by the effect it will produce in the eyes of the county. The Persians believe Isphahan is half the world; the Butlers believe the county is the other half.

The head of the house has a much wider knowledge of life. He is free and easy in his manners, and speaks with a genial flow of courtesy to every one, be he peer or peasant. Yet no man knows better how to stand on his dignity at times, and keep vulgar familiarity at arm's length. He is a J.P. and a D.L., and was in Parliament at a time when it was an honour to represent an Irish constituency. It is impossible nowadays to speak for an hour or so with an Irish gentleman without politics cropping up. Captain Butler chats away pleasantly enough as he points out his chrysanthemums and walks round the old-fashioned kitchen garden, but when at last the inevitable subject comes to the surface of the conversation, his brow grows black and his tongue bitter, and he denounces in no measured terms the agitators who have made the name of Ireland a very byword amongst the nations of the earth. He is thinking of the state of his country and its still unsettled condition and gloomy prospects, rather than of his own private affairs; and he maintains a strict silence regarding the new Land Act, although it has hit him very hard already. His tenants had their farms on what were considered fair terms, and always paid their rent contentedly before the passing of the Land Act; but now the Land Courts have awarded them a reduction of twenty-five per cent., which has made a huge hole in his net income. He is reputed to have eight thousand a year from landed property—it is so stated in the new Domesday Book; but there is no publication which records the fact that he is obliged to pay more than half this amount as interest on mortgages and annuities to two generations of his relatives; and therefore the reductions made by the Land Courts have left him only a small margin to live on. In fact, he is hard set to keep up appearances in the county, though he has reduced his expenditure outside it as much as possible. The annual trip to London during the season has been abandoned; the winter residence in Dublin has been given up.

Twice in the Butler history ruin stared them in the face, and the

Mount very nearly passed into other hands; but on each occasion a guardian angel in the shape of an heiress appeared upon the scene, and regilded the family fortunes. That this history may repeat itself now is their ardent wish, and there is no reason why it should not do so. The eldest son, George, who is an artillery officer, has inherited the handsome features and winning manner of his race, and the fine old place is at his back. He is, moreover, a bit of a hero too; at least, ladies think so, and their opinion is everything for the purpose now in view. Having had the good fortune to be sent with his battery to Egypt, George showed decided pluck, was slightly wounded at Kassassin, and came back to be more profusely decorated for the little campaign than his grandfather was for the whole of the Peninsular War and the Battle of Waterloo. At present he is quartered at the Curragh, to the great gratification of his people, for he can attend the county gatherings, and he frequently brings home some of his brother officers to shoot the woods.

The wealthy distiller who lives in that new red-brick palace in the young plantations yonder by the sea would willingly give his only child to the heir presumptive of Mount Butler; and the young lady in question probably entertains no aversion to the gallant young gunner. She professes an intense admiration for the lovely view from the Mount, and is often to be seen riding up the avenue on a superb thoroughbred mare, attended by a smartly-dressed groom at a respectful distance behind. Some keen observers note that she never fails to put in an appearance whenever the report of firearms is borne towards the sea on the mountain breeze. She likes sauntering round the gardens with her arm encircling one of George's sisters, or *vice versa*. She and George's father carry on a constant flirtation in a mutually vicarious kind of fashion. George's haughty mother declares she is the sweetest girl she ever met, and has insisted on her being invited to all their tennis parties ever since the No-Rent Manifesto was promulgated. But one of rumour's hundred tongues whispers very softly the while that George is passing fond of the parson's pretty daughter, who has just ambled smilingly up to the porch on an unpretending pony.

F. S. S.

### THE FRENCH GALLERY

IN the exhibition of foreign pictures which Mr. Wallis has recently opened at his gallery, 120, Pall Mall, most of the artists whose works we have been accustomed to find here in recent years are well represented, and there are some pictures of more than ordinary merit by painters hitherto quite unknown in this country. The largest and most striking of these is by C. Joanowitz, and represents Serbian peasants instructing a stalwart boy in the use of the sword, while others look on with intense interest. That the painter, who is said to be very young, has been a pupil of Professor L. C. Muller, of Vienna, is evident in his work. More completeness of modelling in parts would improve it, but it is handled throughout in a firm, broad, and effective style. The composition is good, and the masses of rich colour artistically disposed; but it is remarkable chiefly for the great amount of vitality which the painter has infused into the figures. They are all obviously true, though unfamiliar, types of character, and are surprisingly life-like in expression and animated in gesture. Great power of dramatic realisation is also shown in a picture of Bavarian peasants gambling in a tavern, “La Ruine d'Une Famille,” by Ad. Echler. Its main incident is almost identical with that in a picture by Professor Knaus, which appeared here some years ago; but it displays so much originality and artistic invention that it cannot fairly be regarded as a plagiarism. The story is told with great clearness, the heads of the numerous actors in the scene being expressive and their gestures significant. Until now we have not met with the name of G. Holweg, but his two very small pictures, “A Cavalier” and “The Portfolio,” show him to be an artist of accomplished ability. The Cardinal examining his engravings, in the latter, is an excellent study of character; and both pictures are fine in colour, and painted with a combined breadth and *finesse* that Meissonnier could scarcely have excelled. They suffer nothing by comparison with this master's “A Halberdier,” which hangs near them, though it is a good example of his work.

Karl Heffner has a fresh and luminous view over a wide extent of flat country, partially inundated by water, seen by the light of early morning; and a companion picture representing a similar scene illuminated by a warm glow of evening light. Between these works hangs a capital example of E. Van Marcke's unsurpassed style of painting cattle in combination with landscape, remarkable for its perfect keeping and the pleasant sense of pastoral repose which it conveys, as well as for its breadth of treatment and masterly handling. In a picture of considerable size, “The World and the Cloister,” M. E. de Blaas has depicted a youthful nun conversing with her mundane sister in a convent parlour. The subject is treated in a simple and unaffected style, without exaggeration or false sentiment. The attitudes of the figures are spontaneous, and the heads expressive as well as beautiful. A characteristic head of a Venetian girl, “Povretta,” by the same painter, is also distinguished by beauty of colour and fine modelling of form. By F. A. Kaulbach there is a large full-length “Portrait” of a lady of gracious aspect, standing with hand on the head of a large hound. By its courtly grace and dignity of bearing, as well as by its treatment of light and shade, it recalls the work of Vandyck. Near it hangs a capital example of the grave and sympathetic style of Josef Israels, representing a family of Dutch peasants at dinner, full of domestic sentiment, and, like all his works, sombre, and perfectly harmonious in colour. Two small pictures by the Spanish painter, F. Pradilla, showing the Roman Corso during the Carnival, are noteworthy for their vivacity of design and the skill with which the very brilliant local tints are harmonised. Of three small pictures by C. Seiler, all showing rare executive ability, that entitled “A Wilful Youth Will Have His Way” is very much the best. The annoyance and indignation of the middle-aged gentleman, seated in a *café*, at the conduct of his companion, a precocious boy, who is lighting a large cigar, is most humorously expressed. M. V. Chevillard's quaint humour and habitual completeness of workmanship are seen in a little picture, “Peines de Cœur,” in which a young *cursé* is seen administering a glass of cognac to his aged *confère*. Good works on a small scale, by G. Von Bochmann, F. Andreotti, G. Barison, and C. Tamburini, are included in the collection.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, the deaths registered numbering 1,689, against 1,573 during the previous seven days, an increase of 116, being 174 below the average, and at the rate of 21·9 per 1,000. These deaths included 13 from small-pox (an increase of 2), 60 from measles (a rise of 4), 22 from scarlet fever (a rise of 3), 14 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 125 from whooping-cough (a rise of 13), 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 8), and 11 from enteric fever. The births numbered 2,711, against 2,732 last week, exceeding the average by 130.

THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE, in Tunis, is now being explored, but such an immense mass of stones and rubbish overlays the old town that the excavations go on very slowly. In some places the explorers have to clear off a depth of 23 ft. before reaching the soil of Carthage proper; but at a depth of 17 ft. they have found a series of wells and cisterns of the Punic period, which had evidently been restored by the Romans. Some interesting relics have been discovered—coins, an ivory *bas-relief* of the Punic Juno, a terra-cotta female mask, and a neo-Punic inscription, which has been given to M. Réman to decipher.



CLARET-COLOURED DRESS COATS are to be introduced in Paris for evening wear, in order to avoid the present funeral and waiter-like appearance of the ordinary masculine full-dress garb.

A BEWICK COLLECTION has been presented to the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Natural History Society, consisting of oil paintings, water-colours, and prints connected with the life and labours of Thomas Bewick.

A NEWSPAPER ENTIRELY PRINTED BY ELECTRICITY has been brought out at Ilion, New York State, U.S. An electric motor was used, which derived the current from a ten-light dynamo fifteen rods away.

“HOLY WEEK NOTEBOOK” is used just now by pious Parisians for letter-writing. It is of ashen grey tint, and bears the writer's initials in black beneath an hour-glass. For Holy Week earrings, skulls in old silver are considered the most appropriate designs.

APRIL FOOLS seem to have been as plentiful across the Channel this year as they were in London. A Courbevoie lawyer on arriving at his office on April 1 found his door besieged by 500 people, who had been invited there by letter by some practical joker to hear of something to their advantage.

THE FRENCH VINEYARDS last year suffered less severely from the destructive *Phylloxera* than for some time past, thanks to the precautions taken. Nevertheless over one-third of the vine-cultivating districts of France have been attacked by this insect plague, which is gradually advancing northwards.

A HUGE ETHNOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AUSTRIA—the “Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Word and Picture,” is being planned by Crown Prince Rudolph, the expense to be defrayed by the Imperial Treasury. The Crown Prince will write two articles for the work, which will be illustrated by the best Austrian artists, including M. Munkacsy.

“BABOO ENGLISH” is proverbially peculiar, and the educated native evidently still curiously misuses the British tongue, to judge from the experience of a lady at the late Calcutta Exhibition. Having bought several articles in one of the Courts just before the Exhibition closed she asked the Baboo in charge when she might take away her purchases. “Not till the day of judgment,” replied the Baboo.

THE QUEEN HAS LENT M. MEISSONNIER'S PICTURE, “Le Rixe,” to the Exhibition of the French artist's works, which opens in Paris on May 15. The painting was first hung in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and was bought by the Emperor Napoleon for the Prince Consort as a souvenir of the Exhibition. It hung for years in the Queen's private apartments at Windsor Castle, but was lately transferred to the Duke of Albany's drawing-room.

THE FIRST PORTION OF THE CASTELLANI SALE at Rome brought in over 15,000*l.* A larger sum would have been reached had not the Italian Government exercised its right of first choice of the 15 chief lots, including a gold sceptre from Palestine, the silver vase from Salerno representing the victories of Sesostris, &c. The Kensington Museum bought a reclining Venus for 240*l.*, and 1,000*l.* was paid for a large three-handled Greek vase, ornamented with figures of Apollo and Demeter, and considered one of the finest Greek specimens extant.

THE EXHIBITION OF MONSTROSITIES IN AMERICA is likely to be seriously interfered with by a Bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature, which, if it pass, will probably be followed by similar measures in other States. The Bill forbids the Exhibition for money of any deformed insane person or minor, or of any deformity produced by artificial means, on penalty of a fine of 100*l.*, or six months' imprisonment. English visitors to Italy will regret that some such law is not applied to the beggars who so freely exhibit their hideous deformities and injuries.

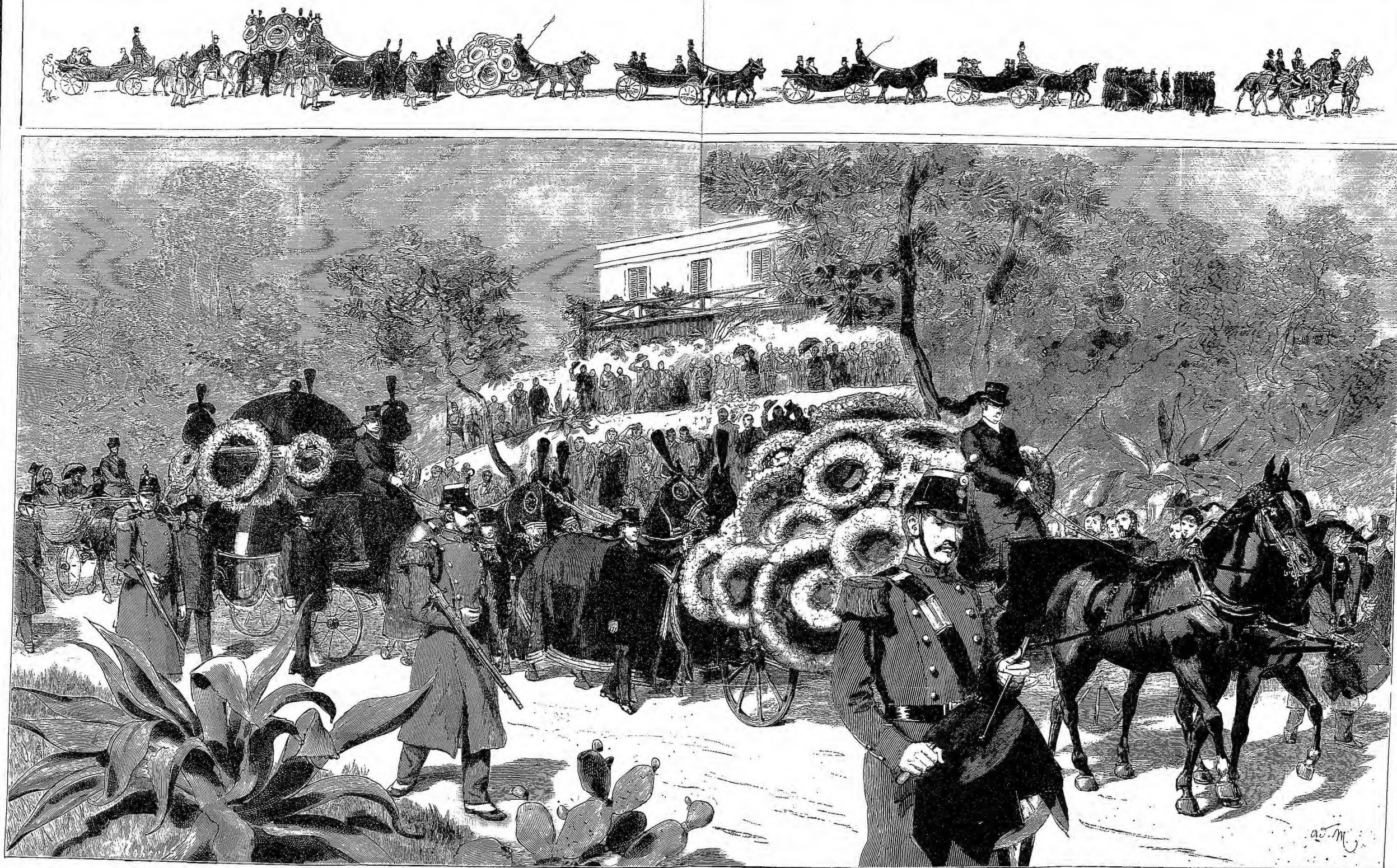
RATTLESNAKE BELTS are highly fashionable among Transatlantic beauties, the skin of the reptile being so beautifully marked, while the head and rattles being left on give the girdle a very life-like appearance. The fashion was set by a New York lady last summer, who, when walking in some woods, came across a huge rattlesnake, and managed to kill the reptile, whose skin she afterwards had mounted as a trophy. Now in some districts a regular trade has sprung up in rattlesnakes, which were formerly only useful to be sold to showmen and to distil rattlesnake oil, regarded as curative for rheumatism.

PUBLIC STORY-TELLERS still earn a good livelihood in Japan, notwithstanding the modern influences which sweep away many of the old customs of the Mikado's Empire. In Tokio alone 600 of these street *improvisadores*—“Koshakushi” and “Hanashika,” as they are called—ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan, and a paper-rapper to illustrate and emphasise the points of their tales, and are as ready to extemporise histories of modern events and celebrities as to relate ancient legends. Another Japanese amusement, wrestling, is rather going out of fashion; but some 465 wrestlers are still left in the capital.

A GHASTLY INDUSTRY is practised by a Cincinnati firm—the manufacture of hangmen's ropes. The makers, however, are very proud of their products, and recently wrote to an Arkansas Sheriff to offer him “the best hangman's rope in the market. We have given long study to hanging,” they continue, “regarding it as one of the finer arts of civilisation. Your geographical location is favourable in this way, and we doubt not that you handle many fine specimens; therefore, to secure a certificate from you, we will let you have a lot of ropes with improved nooses, at half-price.” A noted criminal recently made a speech in favour of our rope, in which he said—“My fellow-citizens,—I would rather be hanged by such a rope as this than live!”

THE DAMAGE DONE BY GOLD-MINING in many of the fertile districts of California is slowly becoming patent to the Americans, who find that the industry has, after all, ruined more persons than it has enriched. Hydraulic mining has wasted many productive districts, ruined all prospect of agricultural operations, and covered acres of profitable land with useless rubbish. Taking one instance only, as the *American Architect* points out, ten years ago Marysville was the most important town of Northern California, the centre and market of a great farming country, blest with most productive soil, and watered by the Yuba and Feather rivers. Now it is nearly ruined; the navigable stream connecting the town with San Francisco and the sea is obstructed; the fertile farming country round is a wilderness, covered with sterile sand and gravel, and deserted by the inhabitants. The bed of the Yuba river has been raised in some places 80 feet above its old level, and the rich lands on either side buried beneath 15 or 20 feet of detritus. Ever since the cessation of hydraulic mining, the mountains of gravel piled about the upper waters of the rivers have been gradually washing down to increase the burden laid on the farmers of the valley. It is even said that the bay of San Francisco has been sensibly injured by the fine silt brought there by the Sacramento.





THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT CANNES, APRIL 2





MILITARY operations having ceased in EGYPT for a time, a statesman's war has begun, which at the time we are writing threatens to bring about a serious crisis. Nubar Pasha and Mr. Clifford Lloyd have long been at variance, as the former, advanced Egyptian though he may be, is still a Pasha, and is not so disorientalised as to be able to look with calmness and approbation upon the British official's prompt and decisive way of dealing with matters and of attempting reforms, utterly regardless of all obstacles, and of personal susceptibilities in particular. Thus, taking advantage of his adversary's temporary absence in Alexandria, Nubar Pasha paid a visit to Sir Evelyn Baring, and threatened to resign. By this step he placed the British authorities in a quandary; for, as he well knew, if his resignation were accepted there was certainly no Egyptian official fit to take his place, and England would herself have to assume the whole responsibility of the Government; while if, on the contrary, Mr. Clifford Lloyd was removed, the Egyptian authorities would have achieved a victory, and history would be repeating itself by a second edition of the quarrel between the ex-Khédive and Sir Rivers Wilson. In such a dilemma Sir Evelyn Baring could only refer to the Home authorities. It is strongly felt in Egypt that the incident is only another step towards a British Protectorate over Egypt. As the *Times* correspondent pithily remarked, "The present crisis is another bump down the Pyramid to *terra firma*. Each bump leaves its bruise. Is it not time to do the remainder of the distance voluntarily, and thus save our dignity?" The Berlin semi-official *Post* also remarks that the day is at hand when England must, by guaranteeing the Egyptian debt, secure some official hold over the country, or turn to Europe with the avowal that she can no longer be responsible for the march of events in Egypt.

Our troops have now returned to Cairo, the various detachments on their arrival being greeted with but half-hearted enthusiasm, as it was felt that the abandonment of the Soudan to Egyptian garrisons was a grave mistake, and would in a great measure nullify the effect of General Graham's victories. The authorities, however, despite all remonstrances, steadfastly adhere to their plans, and a battalion of Egyptian troops, under Majors Hare and Tapp, have been sent to Suakim. All is quiet there, and Mahmoud Ali is organising the friendly tribes as a defensive force against Osman Digma, who is stated to be at Hasbatee, near Tamanieb, with about 1,000 men and boys. From General Gordon nothing further (up to the time at which we are writing) has been received, but the news from Berber states that the rebels are in great force up the river, all the roads southwards being blocked and occupied. The tribes between Shendy and Khartoum are in open rebellion, and it is impossible to forward telegrams for Khartoum by dromedaries, as heretofore. Further south, Kassala is invested by the Hadendowa tribes, reinforced by the survivors of Osman Digma's army. To return to Cairo and Alexandria, the day of the Duke of Albany's funeral was marked by the firing of minute guns; the Royal standard being hoisted half-mast high over Fort Comeldic, Alexandria.

In FRANCE the Senate has once more come to the front with that firm determination to stem the tide of Extreme Radicalism which of late years has inspired so much respect amongst the great bulk of the nation for the Conscript Fathers. The Chamber had passed a Paris Municipality Bill which changed the voting by *scrutin d'arrondissement* into that of *scrutin de liste*, and thus gave the whole voting power to the Radical majority. The Senate sent down the measure with an alteration which would give the Conservatives a fair share of the voting. This the Chamber refused, whereupon the Senate has thrown out the Bill altogether. Had not the Senate adopted this course Paris would have been controlled by a powerful Communistic Council at the Hotel de Ville, holding its sittings publicly, and thus reproducing one of the most dangerous features of the First Revolution. There is no other political news, as the Government are reserving their Constitutional revision propositions until after Easter. The Chamber has adjourned until May 20th, its last act being to pass the first reading of the new Conscription Bill, which abolishes all exemptions, and the system of one-year volunteers. Nor is there much of interest stirring in social circles. Artists are busily preparing for the Salon and those spring and summer exhibitions which of late years are becoming quite a feature of the Paris season. Of theatrical novelties, a most amusing comedy, *Le Train de Plaisir*, has been produced at the Palais Royal Theatre, which, to judge from the description, is far more adapted for transposition to the London stage than most of its fellows. There has been a serious discovery of forged fifty pound Bank of England notes in Paris. A bullion merchant, M. Hirsch, forwarded a number of notes, which he had received from some Exchange agents, but which he suspected to be false, to London, and they were returned cancelled. He then sent a further batch, which proved to be equally false. The strike in the mining districts still continues, and there has been a serious riot at Lille in connection with the movement.

The Tonkin Expedition is not resting on its laurels, and General Millot is now concentrating his troops in preparation for an attack on Honghoa. The force will be divided into two portions, one of which, under General Briere de Lisle, will operate on the left bank of the Black River, and the other, under General Négrier, on the right bank. Honghoa is said to be occupied by 3,000 Black Flags and 12,000 Chinese, under Lion Vin Loc. Meanwhile M. Dupuis, who may be termed the prime author of the French operations in Tonkin, has returned to Paris, and lays the blame of all the recent difficulties upon the Civil Governor, M. Harmand, who was not only unfriendly to the Annamites, but was also at bitter variance with the military and naval authorities. More detailed reports of the capture of Bacninh represent it as a hollow affair—"a simple evacuation." Neither the river nor the road, the *Times* correspondent tells us, were defended. The only fighting occurred in the outlying villages, where there was some skirmishing. A few persons who were found in or round Bacninh were either opium-smokers or boys.

Prince Bismarck's resignation of his functions in the Prussian Cabinet has naturally excited much comment throughout GERMANY, and the interest has been heightened by the discussion in the Federal Council relative to the creation of a responsible Ministry for the Empire. Such a proposition, however, was eventually negated at the instance of Prussia, whose representative pointed out that it could not be realised without detriment to the treaty rights of the members of the Empire and to the confidence felt in the permanent character of the Federal Treaties; while it would have the effect of shifting the centre of the Imperial Government in accordance with the changing majorities of the Reichstag. This might result in endangering German unity—an argument which certainly is not without considerable weight. As for Prince Bismarck, if we are to credit the *North German Gazette*, he has been so ill during the past three years that he feels himself compelled to resign all offices but that which it is necessary for the welfare of the nation he should retain. This is the Chancellorship of the Empire; for, remarks the journal, professing to reproduce Prince Bismarck's opinions, "in the field of

foreign politics he possesses the confidence of foreign Governments to a personal degree which is not transferable, and that otherwise foreign affairs are free from the friction which complicates and renders difficult domestic matters."—The Emperor, though able to rise for an hour or so daily, is still indisposed, his cold being complicated with a derangement of the digestive organs.—Professor Gustav Richter, a well-known German painter, died last week at Berlin, aged sixty-one.

In ITALY Signor Depretis and his reorganised Cabinet are getting well to work, and the Premier intends to bring forward a Bill not only constituting new portfolios, such as a Presidency of the Council, and a Ministry of Posts and Telegraphy, but also Under-Secretaries of State after the English fashion, who shall be authorised to act with the Minister, and in his absence to take part in the discussions in the Chamber of matters connected with his department. The want of such officials has long been keenly felt, and the measure, moreover, will be welcomed as affording an enlarged field for seekers after office. In a speech on foreign affairs, last week, Signor Mancini, the Foreign Minister, dwelt upon England as "the old and sure friend of our country and the House of Savoy," and declared that "it was Italy's warm desire that England should succeed in the mission she had undertaken—a mission which imposed upon her a grave responsibility. Italy had no special interests in the Soudan." The new President of the Chamber is Signor Biancheri, a staunch member of the Moderate Right.

The little Kingdom of GREECE has come to the fore this week. Athens has celebrated her national *fête*, the anniversary of the Declaration of Greek Independence in 1821, with great enthusiasm, the King and Queen attending a *Te Deum* at the Cathedral, and there being a general illumination of Athens and the Piræus in the evening. On Monday the King opened an Exhibition of Relics of the War of Independence, and the Opposition took the opportunity to excite in some quarters a demonstration against the Cabinet. The people, however, sided with the Ministers, and raised cheers for them. The Chamber has been busy revising the Customs tariff. Some eight hundred articles considered to be necessities will henceforward be duty free, while the duties on luxuries are increased.

In SPAIN some surprise has been evinced at the action of the Supreme Court of Appeal, which not only has confirmed the sentence of death passed upon the members of the Black Hand conspirators, but has quashed the sentence of penal servitude passed upon the remaining eight, and has condemned them to death. Such wholesale severity will undoubtedly have a salutary effect.

From the UNITED STATES comes the news of the loss of the Belgian Transatlantic steamer, the *Daniel Steinmann*, bound from Antwerp to Halifax, New York. The vessel struck during a heavy gale and thick fog off Sambro, and an immense hole being knocked in her bottom, she sunk in a few minutes. Only one boat was launched with five of the crew and two passengers, and in the morning the captain and a boy passenger were rescued from the rigging. The remainder of the passengers, some eighty-seven souls, including many women and children, and of the crew thirty-three men were lost. The captain ordered all the passengers on deck when the vessel struck, but a huge wave appears to have swept the large majority into the sea. The cause of the disaster is stated to have been a thick fog, which prevented any observations being made for some days, and made the captain mistake the Sambro Light for another, the Chebucto. Much indignation has been expressed at the want of means for saving life at Sambro, there being no rocket apparatus nor life boat available, although it is one of the most dangerous parts of the coast. It is stated that a life-boat could have saved at least fifty persons. The chief political item is the passing by the Senate of the Bill, distributing the surplus revenues amongst the States for educational purposes. \$15,400,000. will thus be distributed during the next eight years.

The native Press in INDIA has been vigorously discussing the annexation of Merv by Russia, and their comments have at least the merit of variety. Thus the *Hindoo Patriot* declares that the time has now come when England should give Russia distinctly to understand that any interference in the affairs of Afghanistan will be regarded as a *casus belli*. On the other hand, the *Ananda Bazaar Patrika* is of opinion that the Russian occupation of Merv "may cause anxiety to the people of India, as millions will be spent for which they may suffer." An amended edition of the Local Self-Government Bill, referred last year to the Select Committee of the Bengal Legislative Council, is under consideration. It is now proposed that the powers which the first Bill gave to a Central Board shall be divided between the Lieutenant-Governor and the Divisional Commissioner, each district will have its own District Board, and all, save the less advanced, will have one or more local Boards, administering sub-divisions or smaller areas. The scheme for grouping villages into unions, each with a governing committee, which formed part of the original Bill, is retained.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the news from RUSSIA still tells of the activity of the Nihilists. More Socialistic tracts, proclamations, and pamphlets have been circulated, and, amongst them a Revolutionary proclamation to the White Russians, exhorting them to continue to strive for their historical and ethnological independence.—A plot to seize a convict vessel, the *Nishni Novgorod*, by its inmates, was discovered in the nick of time, and frustrated.—In AUSTRIA, the Ornithological Exhibition has been opened at Vienna by the Crown Prince. All known birds are represented, together with their manner of living. A fat cattle show has also been opened.—In EASTERN ROUMELIA there is a renewed agitation for union with Bulgaria.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the condition of Zululand still causes anxiety, and a combined Umsitu attack on Oham and Usibepu is imminent, intended to secure the possession of Central and Northern Zululand by the King's party.—The Cape Parliament will meet on the 1st proximo.—Colonel Clarke has been well received in Basutoland by the Chief Paramount and the bulk of the people, though Masupha remains intractable.



THE QUEEN remains at Windsor for Easter, instead of going to the Isle of Wight, as at first intended. Her Majesty continues comparatively well, and was strong enough to fulfil her intention of being present at the reception of the Duke of Albany's remains at Windsor, and at the funeral on Saturday. As the ceremonies are fully described and illustrated elsewhere, we need only say here that all the members of the Royal Family in England assembled at the Castle, and that the Duchess of Albany joined the Queen at Windsor on Friday, and was present with the Royal Family at a short service held in the Albert Memorial Chapel. On Saturday morning the Duchess paid a farewell visit to her husband's remains, but did not attend the actual funeral ceremony, and left again for Claremont in the afternoon, accompanied by the Queen of the Netherlands and Princess Christian. Later, Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their son, Princess Beatrice, the Crown Prince of Germany, and the Grand Duke of Hesse spent

some time in the Royal vaults, where the Duke of Albany's coffin rests; and subsequently the Crown Prince left Windsor, the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor accompanying him to the station. The Crown Prince started homewards the same evening, staying a few hours at Brussels on his way to Berlin. On Sunday the Queen and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated; and in the afternoon Her Majesty received Lieutenant Seymour Munro and the detachment of Seaforth Highlanders who had borne the Duke of Albany's coffin, and thanked them for their services. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke of Hesse attended the afternoon Service at St. George's Chapel, and on Monday morning they, with Prince Albert Victor, visited the Royal vaults before leaving for town; while the Princess Louise also accompanied the Princess Beatrice there before returning to London with Lord Lorne. The Queen, with Princesses Christian and Beatrice, spent the day with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont. Her Majesty will go to Darmstadt for the wedding of Princess Victoria of Hesse and Prince Louis of Battenberg, which has only been deferred for a short time, and Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will probably leave England next Monday, returning at the close of the month.

The Prince and Princess of Wales spend Easter at Sandringham. Returning from Windsor on Monday they were joined at Marlborough House by Prince Louis of Battenberg, from Portsmouth.—Prince Albert Victor has become a life member of the Cambridge University Cricket Club.

The Duchess of Albany remains well, and has borne her troubles with great fortitude. She will stay at Claremont for the present with her mother, while her father and brother and the Queen of the Netherlands return home. The Duke has left his wife all his property, his friend, Lord Brooke, and Mr. Collins, the Comptroller of his household, being his executors.—The Duke of Edinburgh lately hurt his knee by the gangway slipping when he was entering a boat from his vessel, but he has now quite recovered. He has been staying with the King and Queen of Greece at Athens, and on Saturday attended a Funeral Service for the Duke of Albany, the King and Queen, the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and all the Diplomatic body being present. The Duke was to leave for Malta yesterday (Friday), with part of the Channel Squadron.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had a very gay visit to Jeypore last month. They entered the city in a State procession two miles long, headed by the Maharajah, and including a file of one hundred elephants gorgeously caparisoned, and bearing gold and silver howdahs, and a party of 2,000 Nagas, who executed fencing feats and war dances as they went along. The Duke and Duchess inspected the old city, were present at a durbar and banquet, followed by fireworks, and went out tiger-shooting in the jungle, the Duke bagging the first animal.



THE EIGHTH GENERAL CONFERENCE of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held in Copenhagen during the last week of August. This will be the first time that a Conference of the kind has been held in a Scandinavian country; and in Sweden and Norway, as well as in Denmark, much interest is taken in the proposed visit of Evangelical Christians of all countries to the Danish capital.

THE LORD MAYOR took the chair on Monday at the annual meeting of supporters of the Thames Church Mission, which was attended by a number of seamen, British and foreign, and by the boys of the reformatory ship *Cornwall*. The income of the Society amounts to more than 5,000*l.*, and has of late years been steadily increasing. Its successful mission work is carried on from Putney to the Nore among the deep-sea fishing fleets, its operations being much aided by the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society. During the preceding twelve months there had been 133,000 attendances at more than 4,000 services held.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD presided at a meeting last week of the supporters of the movement among Oxford men to undertake Christianising and humanising work at the East End, where the establishment of an "Oxford House" in the parish of St. Andrew, Bethnal Green, is projected. Mr. Albert Pell, M.P., suggested that the members of the new Oxford Mission should start a public-house, and offered to lease them one, saying that a publican could reach many people, and that it would be well if the Oxonians would rent a house, and conduct it so that a working man might safely take his wife and children into it.

AT THE FESTIVAL which closed the twenty-second series of gatherings for the people at the Lambeth Baths, Westminster Bridge Road, it was stated that, besides a large number of social and other entertainments, there had been held ninety-four Christian temperance meetings, and nineteen Christian Evidence and Evangelistic sermons had been delivered. More than two-thirds of the cost of the whole series had been defrayed by the working people who attended the gatherings.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REV. STOPFORD BROOKE and the members of the choir of Bedford Chapel have been prominent among the volunteers who have given their aid at the popular musical and literary entertainments for "sandwich men" in the Moor Street Mission Hall, Seven Dials, which were last week brought for the present to a close.

AS PART OF A SCHEME to provide for the security of the property of the Propaganda, which it is thought at the Vatican has been threatened by a recent decision of the Court of Cassation of Rome, the Pope has issued procurations to Cardinal Manning for England, Archbishop Eyre for Scotland, and Cardinal MacCabe for Ireland, by which, according to the Papal rescript read in the churches of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Westminster on Sunday, "the offerings of the faithful may be put out of all danger, and be at the free and independent disposal of the Sacred Congregation for the benefit of the missions."

ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MATURED for the celebration, more than once referred to previously in this column, of the Quincentenary of Wyclif, "The Morning Star of the Reformation," who died at Lutterworth on the 31st December, 1384. They include meetings in London on the 21st of next month—the anniversary of the condemnation of his doctrines in Blackfriars—at which the Reformer's labours will be elucidated, a special religious service in the church of the parish in which his doctrine was condemned, a popular gathering in Exeter Hall, and a conference at the Mansion House, to consider schemes for doing permanent honour to his memory by the publication, for instance, of his unprinted works. These arrangements have been planned and will be carried out by the Wyclif Commemoration Committee, of which Lord Shaftesbury is the President, among the Vice-Presidents being the Bishops of Norwich, Liverpool, and Sodor and Man; the Moderator of the Presbyterian Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Mr. J. Walter, M.P.; Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.; Sir Edward Baines, Mr. J. A. Froude, and Mr. F. J. Furnivall. To meet the expenses of the celebration, a sum of 1,500*l.* is required, subscriptions for



which may be forwarded to the Honorary Secretaries, Wyclif Centenary Committee, 22, Exeter Hall, London, W.C.

THE INTERESTING COLLECTION OF BOOKS, MANUSCRIPTS, AND PRINTS relating to Luther, which has been on view in the Library of the British Museum, is about to be replaced by a Wyclif Exhibition of similar character.

MISS BOOTH, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, is now at work in Nismes, which has been called the capital of French Protestantism.

THE PURELY LITERARY AUTHORSHIP of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" is claimed by the Rev. W. C. Preston, formerly of Hull. He states, however, that the conception of the work was due to the Rev. Mr. Mcarns, whose name is generally associated with it.

### THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATRACE

THE preliminaries to the great Inter-University Boatrace stretched as usual over a period of some months; the selection and training of the four Trial Eights on the Cam and Isis, culminating in the trials themselves, covering a considerable period of time before Christmas, and the final selection of the two crews, preparatory to their going into strict training on Ash Wednesday, many weeks afterwards. At both Universities time was taken by the forelock, and this year there has been much less of hesitation as to choice of oarsmen, of shifting places, and of changing Mentors, than on most previous occasions of late years—a course which, granted the material of average quality, and no special mishap, was likely to give us crews above the ordinary standard of merit, though as a matter of fact this anticipation was not realised. After the usual practice on their home waters, both crews, preparatory to their coming to London, had periods of work on the Upper Thames, Oxford making Bourne End, near Cookham, and Cambridge Mapledurham their headquarters. This plan now seems likely to be adopted for at least some time to come, and the training on the London waters will be of less duration than was the rule for many years, the modification of which is for many reasons now deemed advisable.

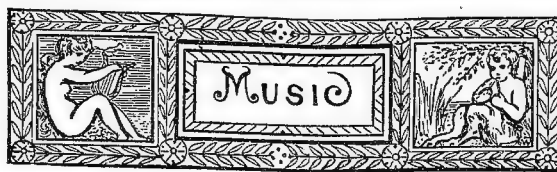
Ever since the Christmas Vacation was over newspaper reporters and critics have supplied the public—may we dare to say *ad nauseam*?—with detailed information as to the formation of the crews on the University waters, and the widely-spread opinion obtained that the Dark Blues had the best stock-in-trade to draw upon, and later on, as the crew formed was so good, and continued to do so well, that its prospects in the race were decidedly superior to those of its rivals. The same opinion was fortified by the practice of the crews on the Upper Thames, and continued to prevail when both had been some days on the London water—so much so, indeed, that the returns of the betting, what little there was, gave 2 to 1 on Oxford. But towards the middle of last week "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream." Critics began to find fault with the Dark Blue men, and noticed a general falling-off in the crew; while, on the other hand, a general improvement was marked in the Cambridge boat, and especially in the condition of the men. Add to this the unfortunate illness of one of the Oxford crew, which necessitated his temporary absence from the boat one day last week. And so it came to pass that the odds "on" gradually disappeared, and before the start a shade of odds was laid in favour of the Light Blues. If we remember rightly, the same thing happened in 1879, when Oxford came up to London with long odds on them, but the crew fell off, their rivals improved, and at starting the odds were "the other way. The result, too, in both cases was similar. The marked change in public opinion this year gave increased interest to the race, and in most quarters a strong sympathy was felt for Cambridge, it being a natural and very general wish that the Light Blues, who had been defeated four years in succession, should now turn the tables, and prevent Oxford running up a long series of victories, as it did between 1861 and 1869. Thus, though the race was postponed—the second occasion only of such an event—from the Saturday till Monday last, and the morning's rain on that day kept thousands of the humbler classes, and others too, from putting in their usual appearance on the banks, there was more than the usual interest felt in the contest. Some persons seem to think that the interest in the annual boatrace has been on the decline for some years, but this is not really the case. The outward and visible signs of the annual epidemic of ceruleanism are, indeed, not so conspicuous as they were eight or ten years ago, in the way of the display of the rival blues in the shop windows and elsewhere; and for some anniversaries past it seems to have become the fashion among all classes to refrain more or less from wearing the respective colours. But though everything and everybody are not so be-blued as they were of old, general interest in the race has not, at least in our opinion, abated one jot, and the general public, high and low, flock to it with as much zest as ever, the vital element in the whole business being the consciousness that, whatever may be done in the way of fraud in other contests on land or water, this continues to be, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion," and there is the absolute certainty that, barring accidents, the best crew on this day will win. Another source of attraction, never likely to be diminished by the existence of a similar contest, is the fact that it is the only eight-oared race in the year rowed over a long distance.

As regards the race itself, those who are interested in the details of it have perused them, perhaps many times through, in the columns of our daily contemporaries. Suffice it here to say that the start, which took place a little above the ordinary spot, in consequence of the disturbing eddies of water occasioned by the works at old Putney Bridge, was slightly in favour of Cambridge, and that the advantage they soon showed was maintained consistently to the end. The race, however, up to Hammersmith Bridge, and afterwards by Chiswick, was manfully contended by the Dark Blues, who more than once visibly diminished the gap established between them and their rivals. But it was evident from start to finish that on Monday the Cambridge were the better all-round crew, whatever they might have been a fortnight, or even less, before the race. Of course, the usual question, "Why did Oxford lose?" was started immediately after the race, and all sorts of ingenious, and non-ingenuous, and non-ingenuous answers have been given in print and *via voce*, till even the most watery section of the community is tired out. The faults of the individual members of the losing crew, including the "cox," and of the crew as a whole, have been elaborated and published to the world, as if they were malefactors who had inflicted injuries on human society—a course of criticism which is as uncalled for as it is cruel and unjust. Sufficient for us, in our humble way, to put on record that the best crew—the best in style and lasting powers on the day—won, and that with comparative ease, as the "three lengths" of the official verdict might have at will been at least doubled. It was simply a case, not of unfrequent occurrence in the athletic world, of men "fit and ripe" a little before their time, and of the inevitable deterioration after a certain point in training has been reached.

This was the forty-first race between the Universities, and, including this, Cambridge is credited with eighteen, and Oxford with twenty-two victories, the race in 1877 being that of the famous "dead heat." For the benefit of old and present University men and their "belongings" we append the names and weights of the crews:—Cambridge: 1. R. G. C. Gridley, Third Trinity (bow), 10st. 6lb.; 2. G. H. Eyre, Corpus, 11st. 3½lb.; 3. F. Straker, Jesus, 12st. 2lb.; 4. S. Swann, Trinity Hall, 13st. 3lb.; 5. F. E. Churchill, Third Trinity, 13st. 2½lb.; 6. E. W. Haig, Third Trinity, 11st. 6½lb.; 7. C. W. Moore, Christ's, 11st. 12½lb.; F. J. Pitman, Third Trinity (stroke), 11st. 11½lb.; C. E. T.

Biscoe, Jesus (cox), 8st. 2lb. Oxford: 1. A. G. Shortt, Christ Church (bow), 11st. 2lb.; 2. L. Stock, Exeter, 11st.; 3. C. R. Carter, Corpus, 12st. 10lb.; 4. R. W. Taylor, Lincoln, 13st. 11lb.; 5. D. H. Maclean, New, 12st. 11½lb.; 6. A. R. Paterson, Trinity, 13st. 4lb.; 7. C. W. Blandy, Exeter, 10st. 13lb.; D. W. B. Curry, Exeter (stroke), 10st. 4lb.; F. J. Humphreys, Brasenose (cox), 7st. 6lb.

From the above it will be seen that Third Trinity (Old Etonians) contributed no less than four oars to the winning crew, and that three Exeter College men were in the losing boat. J. J. M.



THE OPERA.—The Carl Rosa rehearsals are practically ended and the English season at Drury Lane will commence on Easter Monday with the *Bohemian Girl*, Madame Georgina Burns and Mr. Maas playing the chief parts. Mr. Maas, who last Sunday made a highly-successful *debut* at M. Padeloup's concert in Paris, seems inclined to adopt the older repertory, for his appearances are for the present to be confined to such hackneyed parts as Thaddeus, Don Caesar, and Edgar of Ravenswood. Madame Marie Rôze will, on Tuesday, play *Colomba* for the first time here, and on Friday some curiosity will be expressed in watching the result of an ambitious experiment to be made by Miss Clara Perry in the character of Mignon. During the following week the new version of *Esmeralda* and Dr. Stanford's *The Pilgrims* will be produced. The latter opera is founded on a tolerably familiar story. There is a maiden Cecily, a swain Hubert, who is supported by a party of his fellow 'prentices, and an aged libertine, Sir Christopher. The libertine wishes to abduct the maiden, but he is foiled by the 'prentice, who himself carries her off. For this he is hailed before the Justice, who happens to be Sir Christopher himself; but, after an amusing trial scene, the libertine's wife intervenes, and all ends in accordance with dramatic justice. On this slender story Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett has founded a three-act libretto which Dr. Stanford has set to music, discarding dialogue, and setting his coadjutor's witticisms to a sort of dialogued recitative.—Mr. Mapleson will, it is said, only give two instead of five weeks' opera in New York this month, and will sail for England by the *City of Chicago* on May 1st.—Another opera on the subject of *Colomba*, music by M. Edmond Membre, is announced.—Mr. Gye has, it is said, engaged for his forthcoming season at Covent Garden the American baritone, Mr. Gottschalk.—The directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have returned the proposed contract to Mr. Gye with some alterations, which it is supposed the manager will, with certain reservations, accept.—M. Gounod is writing an elaborate treatise upon Richard Wagner, whose operatic music he much admired. The *brochure* will be divided in three sections, "The Man," "The Composer," and "The School."

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Popular Concerts ended on Monday, and, as is usual on such occasions, no special novelty was introduced. Mr. Arthur Chappell has this season been exceptionally fortunate, first, in being able to attract large audiences before Christmas by the popularity of M. de Pachmann, and afterwards by gaining the co-operation of Herr Joachim and Madame Schumann. Current reports that neither of these artists will be able to play here next year have doubtless contributed to attract the public. So far, however, as Herr Joachim is concerned, he has refused the proposed engagement for America, and there is every chance that he will take part in the twenty-seventh season of the Popular Concerts. As to Madame Schumann, although she has, taking into consideration her age, never played better than during the past two months, yet her reappearance is necessarily a matter of doubt.

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION."—On Thursday of last week Madame Albani and M. Faure took part in the first performance of *The Redemption* in Paris, under M. Gounod's own conductorship. On the following evening it was admirably performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society as far as the chorus and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were concerned. The soprano soloist was, however, obviously overweighted.

THE "BEGGAR STUDENT."—An English translation by Mr. Beatty Kingston, foreign editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, of *Der Bettelstudent* will to-night introduce the music of Herr Carl Millöcher to the English public. The composer's antecedents are here almost unknown. He was born in Vienna, April 29, 1843, and at the age of fourteen he entered at the Vienna Conservatoire, for two years studying the flute. He shortly afterwards began to study the pianoforte, and became a pupil for theory of Josef Randegger. At twenty, on the recommendation of Suppé, he became conductor of the Graz Theatre, for which he wrote *The Dead Stranger*, *The Jolly Coopers*, and *The Isle of Woman*. He afterwards became conductor of the Theater An der Wien, and wrote for it *Three Pairs of Shoes*, *The Runaway Wives*, *The Marching Girl*, *Carlists in Spain*, *The Enchanted Castle*, *The Maid of Delleville*, and other works, including *The Beggar Student*. This work, the plot of which closely resembles Bulwer's *The Lady of Lyons*, ran all over Germany, and it has also been produced with great success in the United States.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Saturday last was the centenary of Spohr's birth, and the occasion was observed both at the Saturday Popular Concerts and at the Crystal Palace. At St. James's Hall Herr Joachim led the quartet in E minor, and took part with Herr Strauss in the Tempo di Minuetto with variations, for two violins. Miss Carlotta Elliott sang "The Bird and the Maiden," clarinet obligato Mr. Egerton. At the Crystal Palace *The Power of Sound* was performed by the band, Mr. Lloyd and Madame Clara Samuell sang, and Herr Gompertz performed the "dramatic" concerto.—On Saturday evening the Musical Artists' Society performed a quartet in C minor by Miss Alma Sanders, and a pianoforte trio in E by Mr. E. Aguilar.—At Madame Santon Dolby's students' concert the cantata *Bethlehem* for female voices, by Herr Reinecke, of the Leipzig Conservatoire, was produced.

WATTS.—Chopin's "Funeral March" and his Prelude in E minor, played at the Duke of Albany's funeral, were likewise used at Chopin's funeral service at the Madeleine, Paris, October 30th, 1849.—Mr. Randegger is unable to write an important piece for the Norwich Festival, the chief novelty for which will be Messrs. Joseph Bennett and Mackenzie's *The Rose of Sharon*, to be produced October 16th.—The remains of Beethoven and Schubert are, it is said, to be removed from the Währing churchyard to the Central Cemetery, Vienna.—*The American Art Journal*, the oldest and, under the editorship of Mr. W. M. Thoms, one of the best weekly musical newspapers in New York, has just entered upon its twenty-second year.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose health is quite restored, is expected home this week.—The marriage of M. Vladimir de Pachmann to Miss Maggie Okey is now fixed for the 30th inst., at the Church of St. Mark, Hamilton Terrace.—Mr. Alderman Isaacs presided at the Mansion House meeting in aid of the Sir Julius Benedict Testimonial Fund on Tuesday, Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. Augustus Harris being among the speakers. Subscriptions amounting to nearly 1,400*l.* were announced.—The Monday Popular Concerts will, it is announced, be resumed on October 27th.—

Herr Richter will arrive in London next week to commence his concerts on the 21st inst.—The Promenade Concert season will commence at Covent Garden, under the conductorship of Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe, on August 2nd.—The Duchess of Westminster, as a souvenir of the artist's visit to Eaton Hall, has presented Madame Marie Rôze with a bracelet set with diamonds and pearls.

### STYLE

A REMARKABLE, but little-remarked, book has been written on "The Logic of Style," the final teaching of which seems to an exhausted reader to be that the logic of style is not worth learning. It is a singularly ingenious demonstration of intelligible truths in less intelligible language, and serves to deepen one's sense of the mystery of law underlying all things. That it is not transcendently recondite, however, is shown by such propositions as these: "The universal criterion for style, first and last, is effect;" and "A man's style is his mode, his manner, his mannerism." Which last is not greatly different from the definition of style given by an old-fashioned French writer on "Les Principes Généraux des Belles Lettres," namely, "La manière dont nous rendons nos pensées." The latter has a certain accidental value as suggesting that style is not merely an individual manner, but is subject to the influence of certain general tendencies. A careful history of style in any language, showing the gradual development and modification of methods of expression, might be made peculiarly interesting. For just as the style of contemporaries varies according to their idiosyncrasies, does the style of one age differ from that of another, though here the difference is one of evolution, the delineation of which might illustrate history in general.

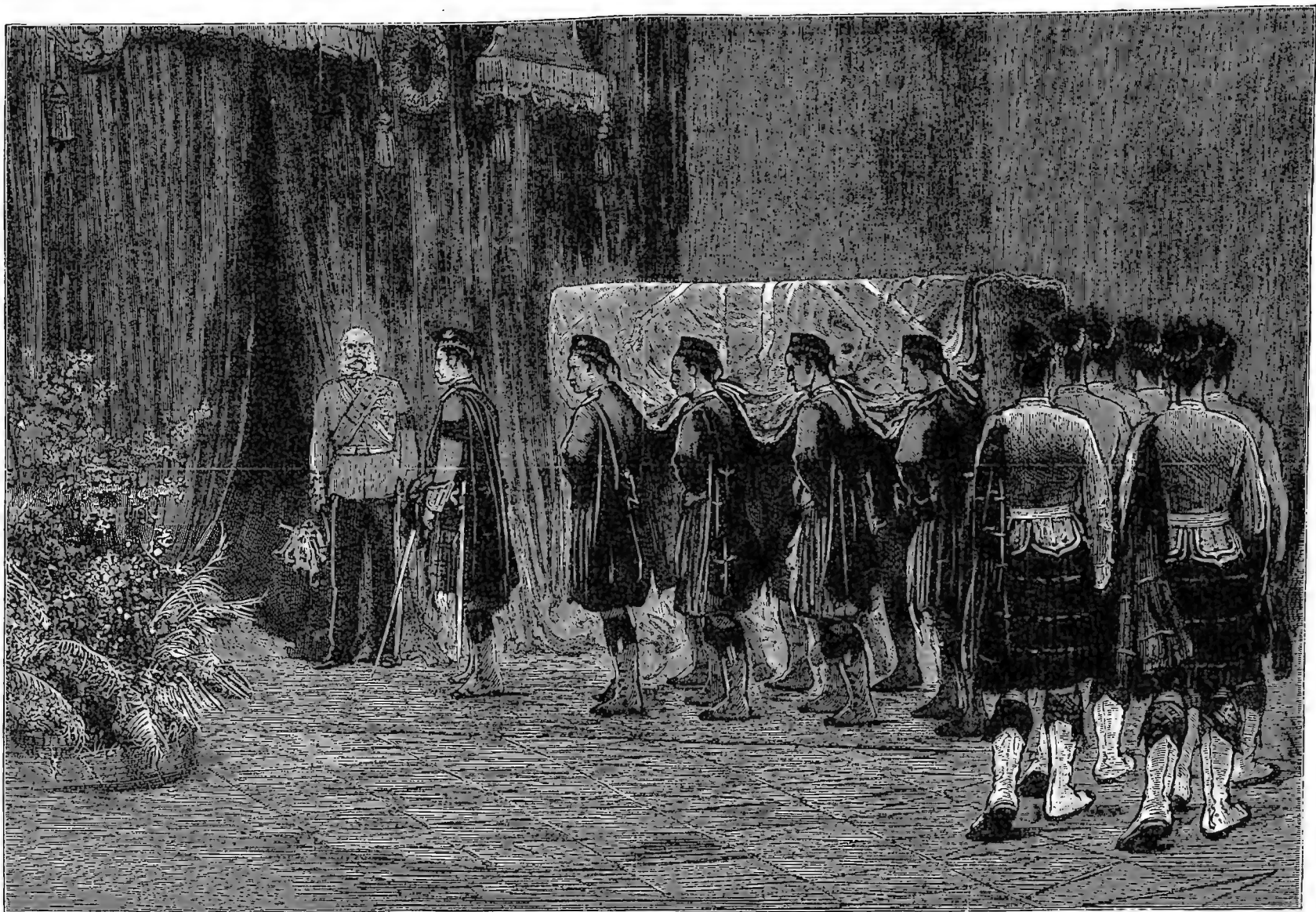
If one were to formulate briefly the course of the evolution, the main doctrine to be conveyed would be found to be that the historic tendency of style is towards complexity, which implies subtlety. In this respect it has a close analogy to music, the development of which involves a subtler and more complex sense of pleasurable sound; harmony and melody being, roughly speaking, the cruder the further we trace them back. But the development of style is not one of form merely—that goes *pari passu* with the thought. Modern writers are more complex in style because they have more complex meanings: that is to say, their thoughts convey wider relations; knowledge having been both deepened and widened. The complexity may be noticed in various manifestations. It was Bentham's constant tendency to make his sentences too long, because his conscientiousness made him anxious to include all the qualifications of a proposition within the scope of its statement. A further development will be found to be identified with the growth of humour, a distinctively modern sense, which is constantly progressing in refinement. A modern joker—generally speaking—differs from a mediæval one in subtlety of expression. What used to be said in a blundering and diffuse fashion is now put with a peculiar circumspetness which heightens the charm. The horse laughter of the past had appropriate nutriment. We are bored by the old style of anecdote beginning, "A country fellow one day." The modern humourist, even the professional, cultivates a sort of reticence which is strictly a species of refinement, and makes his effects by indirectness and hints. Even when he exaggerates, his language will be found to convey subtleties; and exaggeration here is after all only a kind of indirectness—a shunning of the obvious. When Bret Harte calls white-headed little Melons "hoary" he conveys the needed description by a method which indicates the ludicrous association connected with Melons' appearance with an entire absence of prolixity. What we term quaintness, also terseness and mock-floweriness, are all devices to tickle the delicate nerves of a highly-civilised and more or less *blasé* world. "I consider that woman is over-described," says Mark Twain, girding at the Teutonic tautology of "die Engländerin." The quaint matter-of-fact brevity has the same effect as would belong to an "eye-opener;" it is not hackneyed; it is subtle. One acquires a fresh sense of Shakespeare's greatness on studying his humour in this light. His contemporaries advertise you that they are fooling; the multiplication of Falstaff's "men in buckram" is a felicity absolutely incomparable in the literature of his time. But, indeed, the terse and subtle strength of Shakespeare's humour is only one of the evidences in support of Coleridge's acute observation on his singular modernness. He is modern because so subtle in perception, so refined in the delineation of his ideas.

Humour, of course, presents only one aspect of style; but the same law elucidates most modern peculiarities. The desire for accurate felicity of expression and smoothness of flow is the outcome of the refinement and scepticism of the age, which also cultivates humour. A very finely modern sentence is this of Mr. George Meredith's: "A little French dressing would have made her at home on the sward by the fountain, among the lutes and the whisperers of the bewitching silken shepherdesses, who live though they never were." Here we have dexterous phrasing, melody, subtlety, and surprise. Then take the heavier music of this from George Eliot: "Prejudices, like odorous bodies, have a double existence, both solid and subtle; solid as the pyramids; subtle as the twentieth echo of an echo, or as the memory of hyacinths which once scented the darkness." Modern in its every vibration, in its scientific turn of metaphor, in its exquisite balance, in its swift width of allusion, in its whole calculated perfection.

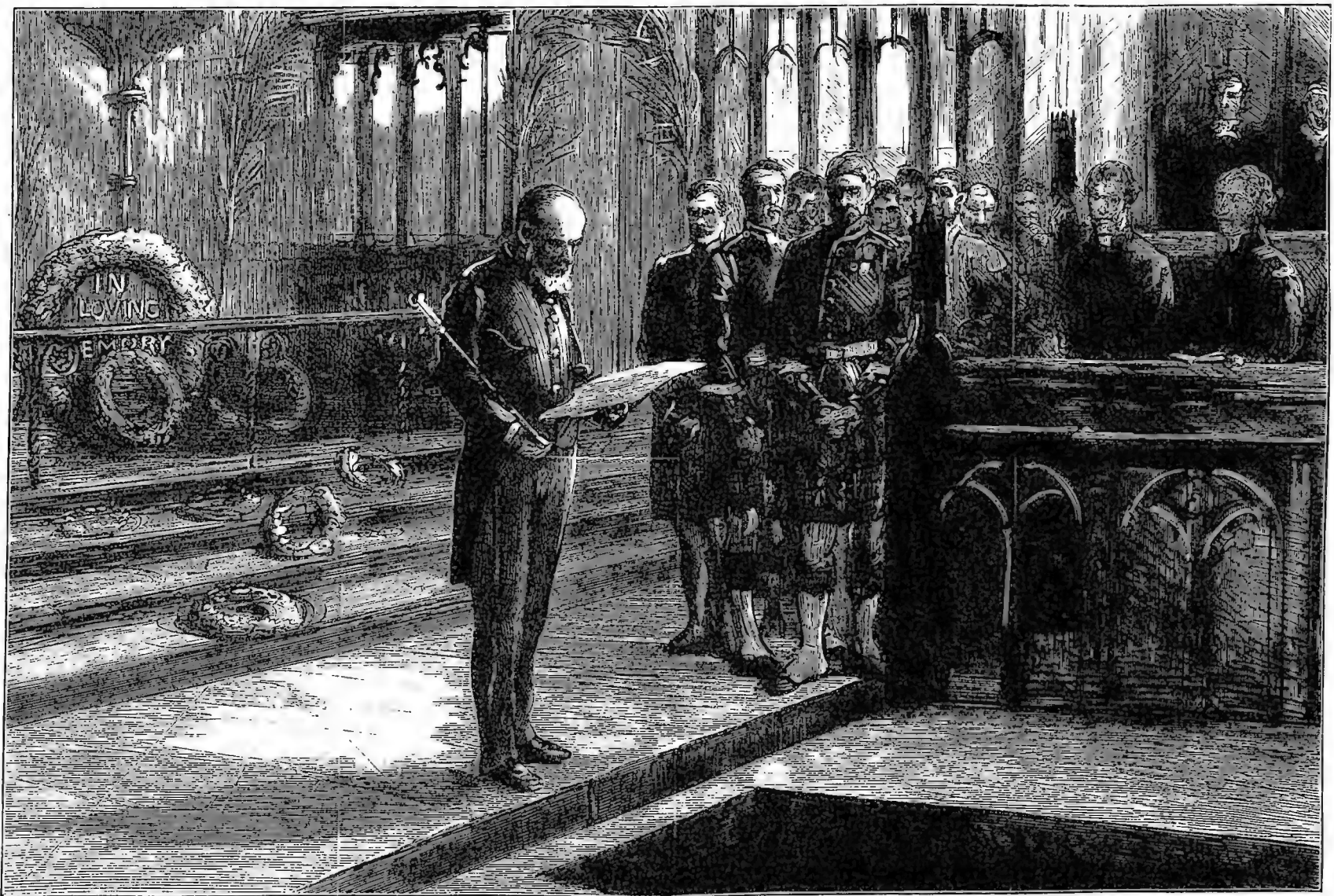
The modern width of range, by an intelligible enough process, produces certain vices of style. George Eliot's complexity in her latest work is now and then almost impenetrable; and there is the familiar fault of over-laboured ornamentation, or superfection of ideas and images in a fashion different from that of the Euphuists, who are consecutive and tedious. Mr. Ruskin's early works will one day be recognised to be grievously marred by this vice, his intemperate indulgence in which deserves all the censure that can be attached to the term "Corinthian," bestowed by Mr. Arnold on a certain characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's writing. It may be noted in passing that Mr. Arnold comments on the blemish in a sentence almost as Corinthian as any by Mr. Kinglake. If an eloquent passage by Mr. Ruskin be compared with one by Sir Thomas Browne, the latter will not improbably be found to excel in respect of a certain simple sonority, producing the effect an organ sometimes will in contrast with an orchestra. But the best modern rhetoric undoubtedly distances the best of previous centuries. It is, again, a very hasty judgment which pronounces finish of style to be a dropped fashion; as is shown with memorable force by Mr. Spencer in the note to his "Study of Sociology," in which he demonstrates that a sentence of Addison, praised by Mr. Arnold as "classical English, perfect in lucidity, measure, and propriety," contains six tautologies of a more or less crude character. Addison is a link between the large *naïveté* of previous epochs and the subtler finish of to-day. The art of writing was certainly never more carefully studied than now. Even Carlyle, who contemned art in general, was an artist in writing, recent criticism to the contrary notwithstanding. Such a figure, for instance, as his likening of the "torpedo" histories of Cromwell's time to the "baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed Dog," is positively "Corinthian" in its art.

When one comes to consider the rules of style one finds that, as the author of "The Logic of Style" puts it, mechanical criteria are of no use. Definitions of good style which aim at description may be resolved into the old definition of poetry—"the best words in the best order." Style being an art, the turn for it is an endowment. Dr. Buckland declared he would almost give his right hand to possess the self-taught Hugh Miller's charm of expression.





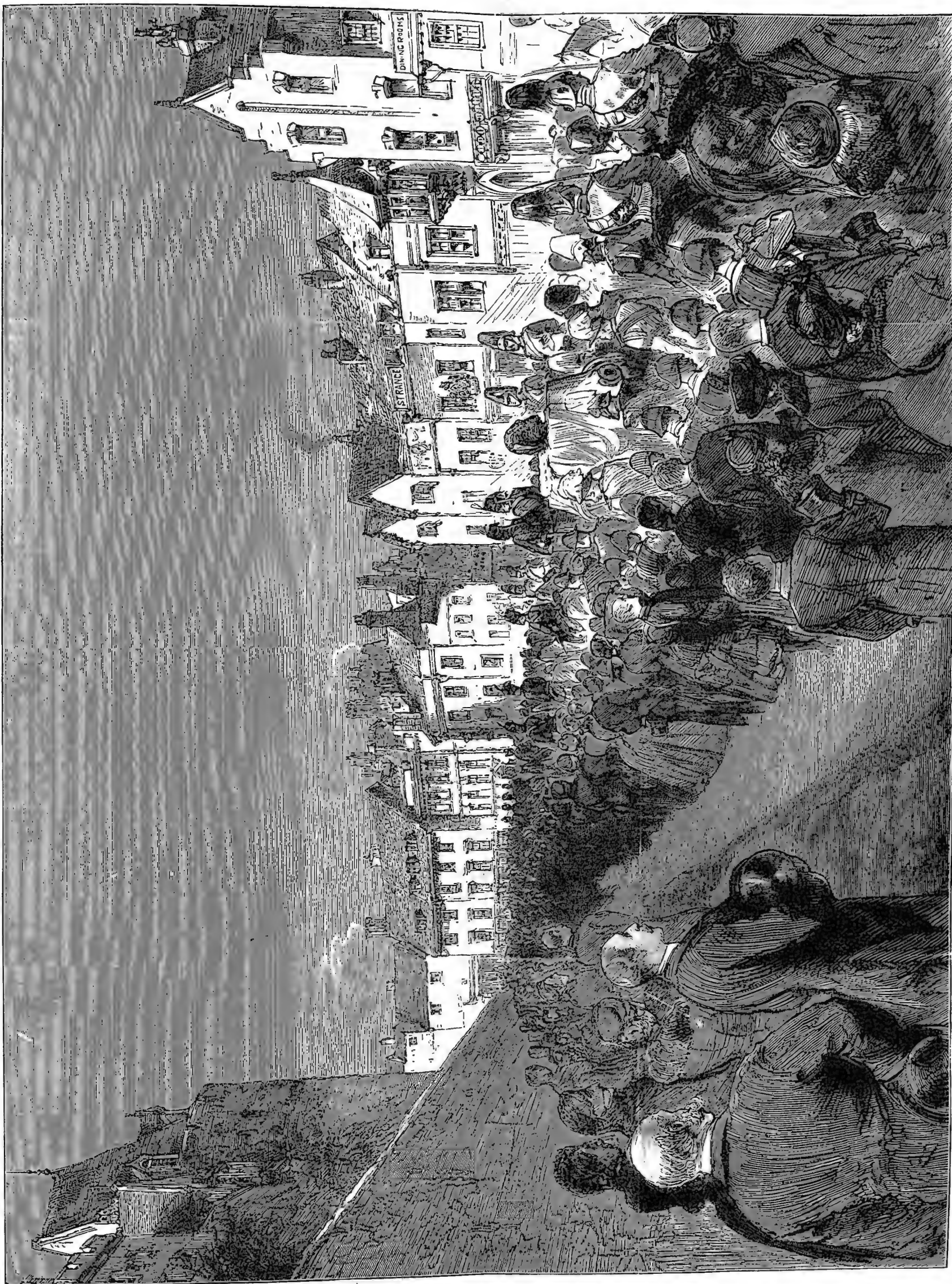
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS CARRYING THE COFFIN FROM THE TRAIN, APRIL 4



SIR ALBERT WOODS (GARTER KING-AT-ARMS) PROCLAIMING THE LATE DUKE'S TITLES IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, APRIL 5

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE FUNERAL IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, APRIL 5





THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY — THE ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR, APRIL 4: THE PROCESSION PASSING UP THAMES STREET



Flaubert used to declare that "what you say is nothing; it is the way you say it." His own great novel, "Madame Bovary," does not to any great extent bear out his dictum, but the enduring charm of some other writers, both in prose and verse, fortifies the theory. Style, to sum up, is to be perfected like other arts, by observation and practice, not by learning rules. One can only dogmatise to the extent that a style, to please the age, must be the outcome of the age. A seeming contradiction to that proposition, as well as to some of the foregoing generalisations, might be pointed to in Macaulay, whose style is certainly not complex, his every sentence being, as it were, a statement of a fact out of its relations. The contradiction is really not conclusive; but for the nonce the best policy is, perhaps, to scuttle out of the difficulty by an *argumentum ad hominem*. As is remarked by our logician, himself a remarkably clean-limbed writer, "A *staccato* movement of thought is not merely one of the most offensive, but specifically the most unpromising of all the modes of composition. In its own degree the most lively, it is in continuity the most monotonous." Indeed, Macaulay's style has indisputably injured his reputation with cultured men.

J. R.

## LITERARY NOTES ON PENZANCE

THE climate of Penzance is so mild and delightful that before the Riviera became the favourite resort of our invalids it had an immense number of visitors from all parts of the country, and even Italians have been known to come to this Holy Headland for their health. Many delicate lives are sustained here which could hardly exist anywhere else. Indeed, for many consumptive patients the South of England is even more favourable than the South of France. The temperature is not so high, but at the same time it is by no means so variable as in the towns on the Cornish coast, and English customs, comforts, and cheapness count for a great deal to most patients. Penzance is one of those watering-places which have the happiness to possess a season all the year round. It is not only one of our national sanatoria, but visitors make it their head-quarters for the Land's End, the Scilly Islands, and explorations of the northern and southern coasts of the Cornish Peninsula. Unlike so many of our southern watering-places the town is not of modern growth, but has a veritable history belonging to it which is connected with Spanish irruptions in Elizabethan days, and the Civil Wars of the epoch of the elder Charles.

There can be no lovelier position than that of Penzance on Mount's Bay. All the country around is luxuriant with profitable vegetation till the slopes of the valleys climb to the rocks and fuzze groves on the central ridges. There is no fairer sight than that of the fleet of fishing-boats in the bay with their sails suffused by the setting sun. St. Michael's Mount nobly dominates the bay. It may be called one of the literary landmarks of the country. It has a history which goes back five hundred years before the time of Edward the Confessor. The eminence is a consecrated spot. It has been occupied through the long series of years by nuns, monks, soldiers, and fine ladies and gentlemen. It is supposed that the encroachments of the sea have isolated the mountain from the mainland, for William of Worcester informs us that it was "originally enclosed within a very thick wood distant from the ocean six miles, affording the finest shelter to wild beasts." The most famous literary reference belonging to Penzance is Milton's allusion to the legend that the Archangel Michael showed himself to a hermit on one of the crags of the Mount. It occurs, of course, in the famous poem on that drowned friend whom he commemorates under the name of "Lycidas":—

Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old;  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks towards Nannos and Bayona's hold,  
Look homeward, angel now, and melt with ruth,  
And, O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

There is a much older literary reference than this if it may be relied on. It is supposed that Diodorus Siculus alludes to the Mount when he makes mention of *Iktis*, where the Greek merchants traded for tin. From Penzance to the Scilly Isles extended the legendary lance of Lyonesse. I have known those who frequently passed these waters persuade themselves that looking down into the depths on a calm day they could distinguish the stone walls that once separated the fields of the lost region. This mystical territory belongs to the Arthurian cycle of romance:—

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
Until King Arthur's tale, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord  
King Arthur.

The great literary and scientific name connected with Penzance is that of Sir Humphrey Davy. The house in which he was born—new-fronted, however—still exists, just below the Market Place, but the house in which he passed his apprenticeship to an apothecary, has been pulled down to make room for the Town Hall. In his will he left a hundred pounds to the Grammar School, on condition that a holiday should be given every year to the boys on his birthday. Humphrey Davy's first efforts were in poetry, and among his earliest poems is an "Ode to Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall." Fortunately for the interests of the world he turned his chief attention to scientific pursuits; but he has also earned his place among English writers. His discovery of the safety lamp has saved an incalculable number of human lives. One great advantage for him was that he made the acquaintance of David Gilbert, another great worthy of Penzance, who gave him all the encouragement which his youthful genius needed. This Gilbert was President of the Royal Society, and was as closely connected with the rising fortunes of Eastbourne as with those of the old coinage town of Penzance. He acquired in the sea and in the river near Penzance that taste for fishing which he exhibits in his "Salmonia." Unfortunately, Davy only wrote essays during periods of sickness, or we should have more works like "Consolation in Travel," and the "Salmonia." Soon after his employment at the Royal Institution he explored all the scenery of Mount's Bay. He writes to his mother: "Kitty is not the less pleased with the quiet of Penzance after having seen the splendour of London." When the Geological Society was formed at Penzance Davy assisted it with gifts of specimens and of money. In the height of his fame he went back to Penzance, when a public meeting and a public dinner were held in his honour. He wrote to a friend from Penzance: "I am enjoying the majestic in Nature, and living over again the days of my infancy and early youth. Nature has done much to the inhabitants of Mount's Bay by presenting to their senses all things that can awaken in the mind the emotions of greatness and sublimity. She has placed them far from cities, and given them forms of visible and audible beauty." He always held that Cornwall was unrivalled for its "veins," and its opportunities of scientific research.

One of the most interesting literary and artistic studies of Penzance is to be found in Mr. William Black's charming story, "Three Feathers." Wherever Mr. Black lays the scene of a story, in Devonshire, Cornwall, or the Isthmians—especially the Isthmians—he always carefully studies the tones and colours of the locality. He has some charming touches about Penzance. He makes his hero and heroine visit some beautiful scenes in the neighbourhood, such as Land's End and Lamorna Cove. "They passed along the moorland ways, through rude little villages built of stone, and by the outskirts of level and cheerless farms, until they got

into the beautiful woods and avenues round Penzance. . . . The broad thoroughfare was mostly in shadow, and the sea was so still that one could hear the footsteps and the voices of the people walking up and down the Parade." We may borrow one more touch:—"The town itself, lying darkly all round the sweep of the bay, was dusky and distant; elsewhere all the world seemed to be flooded with the silver light coming over from behind the western hills. St. Michael's Mount had its summit touched by the pale glow; the rest of the giant rock and the far stretches of sea around it were grey with mists." Another charming work of a different order, "The Life of John Keble," by the late Sir J. T. Coleridge, tells us of the poet's residence here. In his practical old age he told a resident in the place that he could hardly realise having ever been the author of the sacred lyrics of the "Christian Year."

Some further literary notes may be made about the place. Penzance is famous for its institutions and learned Societies. One may study in its magnificent library under almost as favourable conditions as at the Bodleian itself. The Royal Geographical Society of Cornwall has its home here; we have the Carne collection of minerals, and of course Societies in Natural History, Antiquities, Agriculture, Gardening, &c. Dr. Paris, the biographer of Davy, and President of the College of Physicians, resided here for a time, and has left pleasant traces of the fact. Penzance is in the parish of Madron, and near Madron is the Rock Chapel, which covers the boulders on which Wesley preached to the Cornishmen. He did immense good by causing the fishermen to leave off their habits of wrecking and intemperance. The present Bishop of Truro, Dr. Wilkinson, follows Wesley's example in preaching in the open air, on rocks or the hill slopes, within sight and sound of the sea. On the headland of Trevyn Dinas is the famous Logan Stone, which Lieutenant Goldsmith, a nephew of the poet, foolishly overturned, to the disappointment of tourists, and gave the place the name of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." It was a costly folly, as the Admiralty ordered him to restore it. Mr. Courtney, the distinguished M.P., has written a "Guide Book to Penzance," and from this, and from contemporary literature, and perhaps from personal reminiscences, many of our readers may be able to make their own additions to these literary jottings.

F. A.



ON TUESDAY MRS. WELDON was successful in her application to the Queen's Bench Division for a new trial of her action against Dr. Forbes Winslow, recently recorded in this column. It will be remembered that it was partly an action for libel, and that Mrs. Weldon, who all along has been her own counsel, was non-suited by Baron Huddleston. The alleged libel was a letter written by Dr. Forbes Winslow, in which he informed Mr. Weldon that in his opinion immediate steps should be taken to secure Mrs. Weldon as a lunatic. In consideration of the fact that Dr. Forbes Winslow was the registered proprietor of a lunatic asylum to which, he afterwards suggested, Mrs. Weldon should be sent, the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division came to the conclusion that his letter was not a privileged communication, and that there was sufficient evidence of the possibility of its having been written from an impure motive to allow a jury to adjudicate on the question whether it was not—legally speaking—a false and malicious libel.

THE time-worn adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than by the facts disclosed in a suit in the Divorce Court for nullity of marriage, brought last week against his wife by the Earl of Euston, son and heir of the Duke of Grafton. In 1871 he married a person known as Kate Cooke, far beneath him in station, and leading a disreputable life. The marriage was an unhappy one, and he separated from her. He now asked that it should be annulled as illegal, because, when it took place, his wife's husband by a former marriage, a certain George Manley Smith, was alive. Smith was called, and his marriage with Kate Cooke was proved. But it was also proved that, at the time of his marriage, another wife by a former marriage, whom Smith thought to be dead, was alive, so that his marriage to the present Countess of Euston was no marriage, and she was so far an unwedded woman when she married Lord Euston, then the Hon. James Fitzroy. Lord Euston's counsel could not dispute the evidence adduced to support this strange episode in a strange story, and the verdict of the jury pronounced the petitioner and the respondent to have been lawfully married in 1871.

A JUDGMENT of some importance to School Boards has been given by the Court of Appeal, affirming that of the County Court Judge of Westminster, who decided that the London School Board could not recover arrears of fees from a parent who had sent his child to one of their schools. The Court of Appeal held that if a parent being able to pay his child's school fees does not pay them in advance, the child can be refused admission to the school, and the parent be proceeded against under the Education Act for neglect of duty, but that arrears of fees are not recoverable at law.

THROUGH A DECISION given by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved a man convicted of horse-stealing, and sentenced to penal servitude for seven years, will be released, because too much was illegally proved against him. He was tried both for stealing the horse and for receiving it knowing it to have been stolen. The Prevention of Crimes Act of 1871 provides that on a charge of so receiving or possessing stolen goods evidence may be given that "there was found in the possession of such person"—the accused—"other property stolen within the preceding period of twelve months, and such evidence may be taken into account for the purpose of proving that such person knew the property to be stolen which forms the subject of the proceedings taken against him." The prisoner was indicted for stealing a mare on the 20th of May, 1883. Evidence was adduced to prove that he was in possession on the 9th May, 1883, on which day he sold it, of another mare which he knew to have been stolen. But this mare was evidently not found in his possession when he was charged with stealing the other. It was held by the judges that the stolen goods in regard to which secondary evidence is adduced must be found in the possession of the accused at the time when the goods are found for the possession of which he is indicted. Therefore, as he had been convicted partly on evidence which was inadmissible, the conviction against him was quashed.

IN CONFORMITY WITH THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE JURY at the coroner's inquest, the Government will offer, on the usual conditions, a reward of 100*l.*, in addition to the 100*l.* offered by the City authorities, for information leading to the conviction of the perpetrator of the Arthur Street murder.

THE OCEAN STEAM-YACHTING COMPANY'S STEAM YACHT, "CEYLON," arrived on Monday off Piræus, being on her second cruise in the Mediterranean. She is expected to return to England about the 20th May, preparatory to a new trip to the Azores and Madeira.



The *Contemporary* for April contains several valuable articles. Among these may be mentioned "The Coming Slavery," by Mr. Herbert Spencer; "Provincial Home Rule in Ireland," by the Marquis of Lorne; and "The Expansion of England," by Professor Goldwin Smith. The substance of Mr. Spencer's article is well summed up in its concluding paragraph: "There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the Socialists, but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."—The Marquis of Lorne proposes to divide Ireland into its four old provinces of Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster, each competent to manage its own local interests; while the Imperial connection should be safeguarded by a Secretary resident in Dublin.—"The Expansion of England" is, as might be expected from the antecedents of its author, written in opposition to the views lately put forward by Professor Seeley.—In the same review there is also a striking paper on "Neo-Christianity and Mr. Arnold," by Mr. H. D. Traill.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with "The Prophet of San Francisco," a vigorous, strongly-worded criticism, by the Duke of Argyll, on the teaching of Mr. Henry George. His Grace says:—"I know very well that, whether I can unravel his fallacies or not, he is talking the most arrant nonsense, and must have in his composition, however ingenious, and however eloquent, a rich combination of the fanatic and the goose." More goose, in fact, than sage. His Grace's argument seems to be decisive, and to dispose, as far as it goes, very effectually of "The Prophet of San Francisco."—Mr. Swinburne criticises "Wordsworth and Byron," much to the advantage of the former.—"Democracy and Socialism," by the Hon. G. Brodrick, is a sensible summary of the many facts that would prevent the spread of class hatreds and the outbreak of a Socialistic war in England; in a word, the writer is rather an optimist than a pessimist.—Beside a paper, valuable at this time, by Captain de Cosson, F.R.G.S., on "King John of Abyssinia," there is Mr. Arnold's American lecture on "Numbers; or, the Majority and the Remnant." It is an expansion in Mr. Arnold's own style of the Biblical statements that the ten righteous men save the city, and that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump—so much for the originality of the central idea. Also he says that the canker which is eating out the manhood of the French is lubricity, in other words, moral filth, to which they are entirely given over; not a pleasant charge to make; but a great many people will deem it a true one.

To the *Fortnightly* Mr. W. Maziere Brady contributes "A Plea for an Anglo-Roman Alliance."—After this the two most interesting papers are, perhaps, Mr. Keble's on "The Tory Party under Wyndham and Bolingbroke," and "Assassination and Dynamite," by Mr. William Dillon. Mr. Dillon's paper is in the form of a dialogue between an Englishman, an American, and an Irishman. It is unpleasant to learn how platonic in its disapproval the attitude of an intelligent and moderate-minded Irishman can be towards those who would butcher, wholesale, English women and children.

It can hardly be said that the *National Review* for this month is a strong number. The opening paper, "Dissolution or Anarchy," re-states, in more or less forcible fashion, the Conservative cry for a dissolution at all costs; while in "The Friendship of France" Mr. Harold A. Perry indulges in a vigorous philippic against the French in general, and against the attempts of Radical politicians to maintain a non-natural alliance with a people whose real feeling towards us is one of scarcely-disguised malevolence.

The *Modern Review* contains much that is worth reading, especially a very sensibly-conceived contribution, by Dr. Henry Hayman, on "Sabbath Observance and Sunday Recreation;" and a vivid historical sketch of the terrible Anabaptist outbreak at the beginning of the sixteenth century, entitled "The Kingdom of God in Münster," which might prove profitable to Mr. Henry George, if he understood it aright.

*Blackwood's* contains a trenchant criticism on "The State of Art in France," which is also a denunciation of the evils resultant from democratic government.—"Two Representatives of the Catholic Faith" is an analysis and a comparison of the views and characters of James Hope Scott and Frederick Denison Maurice.—"Mr. Gladstone's Bad Paper" is the usual red-hot political article. The Government is compared to a mercantile firm, which, in difficulties, tries to float itself by issuing bad paper, viz., "The Representation of the People Bill."

*Home Chimes* has, besides its excellent serial by Mr. F. W. Robinson, a capital short opening story, "A Born Genius," by Re Henry. There is plenty of other good matter; and when we consider the number of well-filled columns and the price, *Home Chimes* is really in its way a wonderful magazine, and heartily to be commended.

*Merry England* is fairly good, and has an amusing story, "Cat and Dog," by Walter Herries Pollock.—As to *Progress*, edited by Mr. Foote and Dr. Aveling, the conclusion may be safely come to that it is venom and purpose rather than literary skill or intellectual strength which can make our revolutionaries at all dangerous.

The *Art Journal*, besides a fine etching by V. Lhuillier from Mr. Seymour Lucas's "A Tale of Edgehill," an illustrated article on "The Calcutta Exhibition," and other good things, contains Mr. Ruskin's recent lecture on "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century." The illustrations by the great Art critic and Mr. A. Severn are charming; but the letterpress suggests an historical remark once made by Festus to St. Paul.

In the *Portfolio*, the illustrated articles, "In the Champs Elysées" and "Abingdon and Dorchester," by Mr. Alfred J. Church, are noticeable.—*Decoration and Decorative Art* will be found entertaining and valuable by those interested in house-furnishing.—*Heath's Fern Portfolio* promises to make, when complete, a most delightful volume for fern-lovers.

The *Magazine of Art* has no small degree of attractiveness, and is especially noteworthy for a capital paper on "Syon House," dealing with its art, architecture, and history. The frontispiece to the number, "Home, Sweet Home," engraved by M. Klinkicht from a painting by Mr. Phil Morris, is full of pathos and quiet meaning.—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" is a paper in his best manner, dealing with those favourite playthings of our childhood, the plays and figures of the immortal Skelt.

(Continued on page 362\*).



# THE GRAPHIC

## WEALTHY MINES.

### IMPORTANT TO INVESTORS.

**THE EXPRESSION which heads** this article is a "big" one, as our Yankee brethren would say, but it is a common enough one after all. We do not, however, use it so much in the first person singular as applying to any one thing, but rather in its broader sense, as applicable to the riches belonging to the earth, and that are dug from its bowels. England itself is one vast mine of wealth, as instanced in her coal-fields of the North; her iron mines in the Forest of Dean; her copper and tin mines in Devonshire, Cornwall, and North Wales; and last, but not least, her lead mines in the Principality; and how many of our wealthy nobility and great capitalists have not derived, and do not derive the greatest portion of their wealth from mining speculations? Their name is legion. The term is therefore not applicable to mining operations, to which we would draw the attention of our readers. There is perhaps no proceeding in life so open to criticism as that of speculation, and certainly none that plays so conspicuous and important a part in the drama of life. Life is itself a speculation; but when we turn from things physical to things mundane,

we have only to review the history of the world and all nations to prove our assertion. The riches hidden in the caverns of the earth's lowest depths have all been given to man for his use and the general welfare of mankind, and it is only those who refuse to take advantage of the opportunities given them that grumble at their more lucky and courageous brethren. Want of decision, discrimination, half-hearted action and inaction—has done more to brush away the smiles of fortune to many who are now in poverty, or living a life of struggle from hand to mouth, when by a bold stroke they might have courted the fickle goddess and succeeded in winning her. There is nothing sure in this world, but when we see what may be looked upon as a moral certainty staring us in the face, it is our own fault if we let the golden opportunity slip by, and we must not complain if while waiting to see others trip we are caught napping by the enemy of adversity. "Nothing venture, nothing have," is a homely adage, but intensely true in the every-day operations of the world; and how often have immense fortunes been

made out of a few pounds by persons who have the happy knack of "hitting the right nail on the head at the right moment?" The answer may be summed up in the single word—many. It was the "noble Brutus" who is made to utter the oft-quoted words:—  
"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shoals of miseries."  
Every day's experience proves to us that this is true in all the relations of life, and certainly in no sphere more than that relating to mining operations. Wealth is for the moment, the Principality is one vast bed of minerals, either lead, coal, or copper, besides many other minor minerals as well; and the way in which operations are now being conducted in the future, discretion, and healthy speculation have brought about. One instance is sufficient to illustrate the

opportunity for amassing riches out of "Mining Investments." The East Pool Mining Company's shares, on which only 25s. 9d. per share has been paid, are now selling at 230 each. A similar happy and valuable investment is now being offered to the public by the well-known firm of Messrs. Cunliffe, Entwistle, and Co., of 77, Bloomsbury, Oxford Street, Manchester, who are instructed to offer to the general public 3,000 SHARES ONLY IN THE BURRO CONSOLS MINING COMPANY LIMITED. Only 5,000 of these shares have been allowed to be issued by the Directors, it being thought that no more would be required. The Company's capital consists of £30,000 in 30,000 £1 shares fully paid up, and the extent of the mines are considerably over 100 acres, upon which some three or four shafts have been sunk, all of which at the shallow depth of about 25 or 30 yards, are proved to be ore-bearing ground. The property has been critically reported upon by eminent mining engineers, each of whom speaks of the richness of the strata, and describes the mines of undoubted value. A striking proof of the success of the Company is that while it is a com-

paratively young one, the shares are already quoted in the market at a considerable premium, and there is no reason, seeing that all that good management and skilled mining engineering experience can do has been done, to work a splendid field of ore, that the shares of the Company may not at any moment quadruple in value. The output, however, has increased so much (considerably more than 100 tons of ore is now at surface) that it is found absolutely necessary to, at once, put down the best of machinery for dressing purposes, which, when completed, it is calculated, will yield a dividend of 25 per cent., and rival the EAST POOL, whose continued dividends are a source of extreme gratification to each shareholder. Here there is an instance where speculation ceases and certainty takes its place. Whether as a permanent investment, or for quick and large profits, the present chance of obtaining a few shares, fully paid, and upon which there is no further liability, in a rising and prosperous Company, is one that can with confidence be recommended to investors, and all we will do is to offer the further but important advice that early applications should be made to

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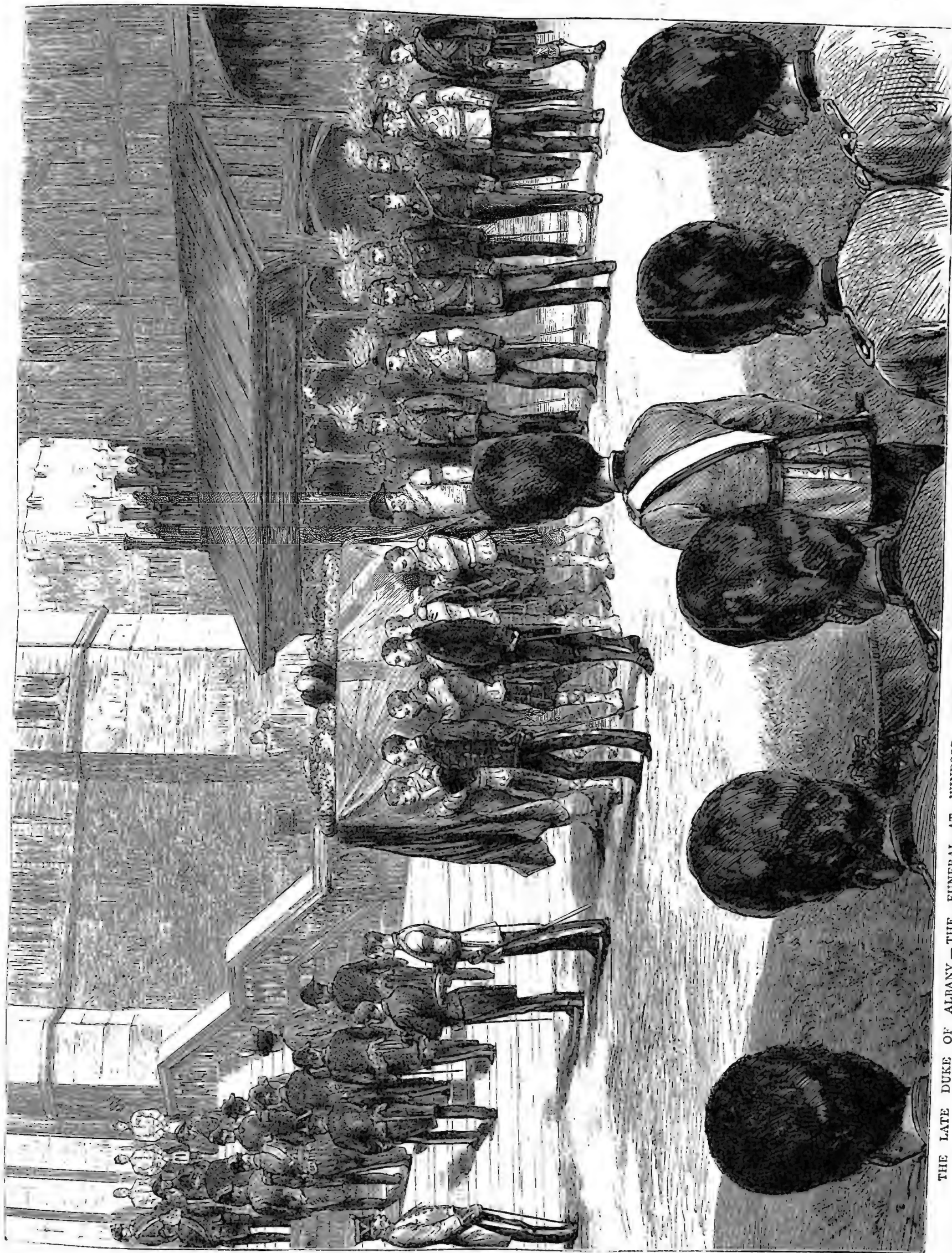
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THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY — THE FUNERAL AT WINDSOR, APRIL 5—THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE WEST DOOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL



# The Funeral of the Late Duke of Albany

## THE JOURNEY FROM CANNES TO CHERBOURG

It was arranged that, before the body of the Duke was removed from Cannes, a religious ceremony should take place at the Villa Nevada. Accordingly at 10.30 A.M. on Tuesday, April 1st, a select company of some fifty persons, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, assembled in the mortuary chamber, which was even more fragrant and beautiful with floral wreaths and crosses than on the previous days. The outer coffin, of yellow wood, in which the remains had been enclosed, was nearly hidden from view under a dense mass of flowers.

The scene was deeply impressive. The gloom of the mortuary chamber contrasted strikingly with the radiant verdure outside. The Burial Service of the Church of England was feelingly read by Mr. Brooks, the chaplain of Trinity Church, and when the Lord's Prayer was reached all present fell on their knees. The Prince of Wales was painfully affected, and more than once during the ceremony he could not restrain his tears.

Shortly after midday the mournful *cortège* set out for the railway station. A salute of 101 guns was fired from the fort on Ste. Marguerite, all the shops were shut, and the streets were lined by a battalion of soldiers, and by most of the inhabitants of Cannes.

The procession was headed by mounted gendarmes and a company of infantry, but, as the Prince of Wales had declined the offer of military music, the ceremonial passed off in complete silence. The hearse was drawn by four horses. The Prince of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, followed immediately after in an open carriage, and the procession was wound up by a long string of vehicles.

As soon as the hearse had arrived at the railway station, where a large force of soldiery was posted, the coffin with all the wreaths was placed in a van hung with black. This van was then shunted on to the main line, where, in accordance with the French law, the doors were sealed with leaden seals. Order was badly kept during these proceedings; there was a good deal of jostling and confusion.

Presently the express train steamed in from Nice, and the funeral van and a saloon carriage were attached to it. The Prince of Wales and his suite took their seats in the latter. Before starting the Prince cordially thanked General Thiéry for the military honours which had been rendered to his brother's remains; while to the Prefect, M. Lagrange de Langre, he expressed his deep sense of the delicacy and attention which the administrative authorities of Cannes had displayed throughout. The train started at 1.45 P.M., and reached Paris at 11 A.M. on Wednesday, April 2nd.

The Prince was received at the station by Lord Lyons and the Embassy Staff, and as the Cherbourg train did not start for three hours, he lunched at the Embassy, the funeral van being sent round by the Ceinture Railway to the Western line.

Lord Lyons went with the Prince as far as Cherbourg, which was reached at 9.30 P.M., when the coffin was immediately carried on board the *Osborne*. The Royal yachts *Osborne* and *Alberta*, and the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, had been lying in readiness at anchor in the roadstead, opposite the Arsenal.

The French authorities had had a moveable bridge constructed, connecting the deck of the *Osborne* with the quay. It was decorated with flowers and trophies of flags. The dining saloon on board the *Osborne* was converted for the time being into a mortuary chamber. Floor, walls, and ceiling were shrouded in black draperies. In the middle of the saloon was a raised platform, on which the bier was placed. On the walls were fifteen silver sconces, each holding three candles. All the usual furniture of the saloon was removed.

The whole distance between the railway station and the Arsenal at Cherbourg was lined with Infantry and Marines. No strangers were allowed inside the Arsenal. The three Admirals stationed at Cherbourg, and their respective staffs, were present, and the line at the place where the train stopped was lighted by French Marines with lanterns.

The wreaths and bouquets were all taken from the funeral van to the mortuary chamber, and then fifteen British sailors raised the coffin, and bore it on board the vessel with much difficulty, owing to its great weight. The Prince of Wales was present the entire time bare-headed. The Infantry and Marines presented arms during the ceremony, which ended at 10.30 P.M. The British Consul at Cherbourg sent a quantity of flowers arranged in the form of an anchor, on which was inscribed the word "Cherbourg."

The squadron conveying the Duke's remains did not leave Cherbourg till the following morning (Thursday, April 3rd), and reached Portsmouth at 6.45 on the evening of that day. The Prince of Wales was desirous that there should be no official reception or parade of any kind, and therefore not a gun was discharged, and all the proceedings were conducted in solemn silence. The Royal yacht drew up alongside the South railway jetty, opposite a draped pavilion, which had been constructed for the reception of the coffin when landed. The jetty was guarded by a detachment of the Metropolitan Police, and a few groups of dockyard officials and workmen were scattered about.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, together with Admirals Hornby and Herbert, went on board the *Osborne*, and held a brief colloquy with the Prince of Wales, during which the final arrangements were determined upon. The Prince of Wales dined and slept on board the *Osborne*.

## LANDING OF THE REMAINS AT PORTSMOUTH

THE weather on the morning of Friday, the 4th inst., was beautifully fine, and the blue sky and brilliant sun formed a strong contrast to the sombre appearance of the *Osborne* as she lay off the jetty all draped in black. The Royal standard, which floated half-mast high, was almost the only bit of bright colour visible.

The pavilion on the jetty was finished late the night before. It formed a large square, with a triangular roof open at both ends. It

was entirely draped in black, but slightly tipped with white. The car for the conveyance of the body to Windsor was an ordinary metropolis van painted black, with a blue streak round the panels, in the centre of which was a silver wreath surrounding the letter "L."

Shortly after nine o'clock the special train arrived from London, bringing, among other travellers, the German Crown Prince, in full military uniform; the Marquis of Lorne, wearing the Argyll tartan; Prince Christian, and the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont. In alighting they were received by the Prince of Wales, and the whole party proceeded on board the *Osborne*.

At half-past nine a detachment of the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, stationed at Parkhurst, who had been selected as a guard of honour, was drawn up in front of the draped sheds; the Engineer students lined the harbour part of the jetty, and a guard of Marines with fixed bayonets was mounted on board the *Osborne*. Visitors, too, came crowding into the seats appointed for them on either side of the great catafalque above described. The aspect of the crowd was a brilliant one, inasmuch as it comprised officers and non-commissioned officers in combatant and non-combatant services, foreign *attachés*, diplomats, equerries, and private secretaries, all in uniform. Then there was the Mayor of Portsmouth in his scarlet robes, and thirty Common Councilmen, each wearing a heavy band round his hat. The municipal mace was draped. There was also the Senior Chaplain of the Portsmouth Garrison in college cap and surplice; and the Roman Catholic Bishop in violet gloves and stockings. A number of ladies were present, all dressed in deep mourning.

The church bells were tolling, and the batteries were firing salutes, but at this moment there was silence on board the *Osborne*, where, in the cabin which had been converted into a mortuary chapel, the garrison chaplain held a brief and impressive funeral service, to which the personal friends and relatives of the deceased had been invited.

Then came the most impressive part of the ceremonial. The officers of the Royal yacht, with the Marines in attendance, were ranged at the door of the mortuary chamber. The minute guns began to fire on board the *Duke of Wellington* flagship. The Highlanders and Blue-jackets lined the jetty with arms reversed. The train was drawn up at the entrance to the funeral arch, its engines draped, and black and white flags flying. Then suddenly the silence was broken by the mournful wail of the Dead March. Punctually the selected Blue-jackets of the *Osborne* entered the mortuary chamber, and, removing the coffin from its resting place, bore it, with the assistance of their officers, to the bier prepared for it outside. All was done in the most admirable and orderly fashion. As soon as the coffin had been placed on the bier, the Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, followed by the Crown Prince of Prussia and his staff, stood bareheaded. As the chaplain recited the familiar sentences from the Burial Service, the heavy coffin was borne to the funeral car, which was then shunted to allow the saloon carriages for the service of the Royal visitors and their suites to be attached. Within five minutes after the coffin had been removed from the mortuary chamber, the train was gliding quietly away. Thousands of people had assembled outside the harbour station to see the train pass.

The Prince of Wales looked very worn and harassed during the ceremony, which was not surprising, for on hearing of his brother's death he had started off at a minute's notice, and, besides the suddenness of the shock and the grief he naturally felt, he had undergone a prolonged and wearisome double journey. Yet before the train started for Windsor he did not forget to thank the military, local, and municipal authorities at Portsmouth for the kindly spirit in which every arrangement had been carried out.

## THE RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR

ON Friday, the 4th inst., a solemn quiet reigned in Windsor. The shops were practically all closed, and many of the principal tradesmen exhibited tasteful mourning emblems. The streets were kept by the 1st Berks Militia, but the people were so quiet and respectful that there was no pushing or crowding. The Queen's retiring-room at the South-Western Station was tastefully fitted up, and decorated with choice flowers.

Here Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein and the Princess Beatrice and her suite, awaited the arrival of the body. When the train reached the station, the Queen greeted the Prince of Wales, and the remains were received by the Lord Chamberlain and other Court officials. A party of the Seaforth Highlanders mounted guard at the station; and a number of them, detailed as a carrying party, bore the coffin along the platform, halting once for rest, the weight being nearly half-a-ton. It was then placed upon a gun-carriage of the Royal Horse Artillery, decorated with a large wreath of violets, the gift of the Empress Eugénie, and drawn by eight black horses. The late Duke's sword and bonnet were placed by one of the Highlanders on the carriage. During these proceedings the Seaforth band played "The Flowers of the Forest," which is the regimental funeral air.

Then a procession was formed, headed by the bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards, playing Beethoven's and Chopin's respective Funeral Marches, and heralded by minute guns fired from a battery of artillery stationed in the Long Walk. The remains were followed by the carriages containing the Queen and Princesses and their suite; while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family, marched on foot on either side of the coffin. The procession passed by Thames Street, Henry VIII.'s Gateway, and the Lower Ward of the Castle to the Albert Memorial Chapel, escorted by a captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards.

This small but magnificent chamber was formerly called the Wolsey Chapel. On the death of the Prince Consort the widowed Queen caused it to be converted into its present state in remembrance of her lost husband. The work was designed by the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., and was enriched by marble sculptures, Venetian mosaics, inlayings of porphyry, alabaster, malachite, and lapis-lazuli, with beautiful stained-glass windows. Just before the altar there is a noble cenotaph. In the niche at the foot is a figure of Her Majesty in prayer; at the head is a presentment of

Science-mourning.

The Vice-Chamberlain and the Dean of Windsor (the Very Rev.

Randall Davidson) awaited the procession at the entrance to the Memorial Chapel, and the remains were removed by the party of Seaforth Highlanders to the centre of the edifice. Only the Queen and the immediate relatives of the deceased entered the building, which was draped with black cloth, relieved by wreaths that had been sent from all parts of England and Europe. The interior of the chapel presented a beautiful spectacle. On the centre of the beautifully-inlaid floor, near the cenotaph of the Prince Consort, was placed the Duke's coffin, almost covered by wreaths, chaplets, and crosses of the choicest exotics.

A short service was then performed by the Dean, at which the Duchess of Albany was present. Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family then returned to the Castle.

The Princess of Wales again visited the chapel at half-past six, and placed a wreath near the remains, which were guarded during the night by a detachment of sixteen men of the Seaforth Highlanders, a corporal and two soldiers taking watches of two hours each in this duty, until they were relieved in the morning by the officials of the Lord Chamberlain's Department.

## THE FUNERAL

ON Saturday, the 5th inst., the day appointed for the funeral, Windsor was in mourning from basement to roof. All the shops, which were half-closed in the early part of the forenoon, darkened their fronts entirely, and suspended business when the clocks chimed eleven. A few minutes before that hour a special train arrived from Paddington containing members of the Government, of the Diplomatic Corps, and invited mourners. Officers of State, Cabinet Ministers, naval and military commanders, ambassadors, and statesmen increased in numbers every minute. Uniforms and official costumes seldom seen in this country mingled with the familiar scarlet and blue of the military and naval services. There were several wearers of the Garter present, and their white shoulder-knots of satin ribbon caused considerable curiosity. The Queen of Holland came in a special train from Esher, accompanied by her father, the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and the young Prince her brother.

Not long before this the Duchess of Albany had driven down through the Norman Arch from the private apartments to the Albert Memorial Chapel. It was her last visit to the remains of her husband. She was not present at the succeeding ceremony. One of the last incidents while the body remained in the Memorial Chapel was the taking of a photograph while it rested on the bier.

The spectators who had received cards of admission to the Lower Ward and the roof of the Guard Room now began to assemble, and many of them took up their stand on the green slope facing the line of route. Over the Round Tower floated the Royal Standard at the head of the mast, as it is only when a Sovereign or a Royal Consort dies that this flag is hauled down to half-mast high.

At half-past ten a detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders arrived, and were drawn up opposite the door of the Memorial Chapel. They were soon followed by a body of the Coldstream Guards, headed by their band, which formed in front of the Guard Room at the foot of the Lower Ward, while the men were drawn up behind their colours, facing the great west door of St. George's Chapel.

Meanwhile, preparations within this historic building were being completed by the chief officials of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, attired in black and gold uniform. A great part of the floor and the cushions of the stalls of the Knights of the Garter were draped with black. Directly under the Royal closet, the windows of which were hung with black and white curtains, were six oak chairs, cushioned with black cloth, and arranged in two rows. These chairs were for the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the other Princesses of the Royal Family. The upper seats of the stalls of the Knights of the Garter were occupied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Manchester, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and other celebrities. Whether accidentally or purposely, the Government and the Opposition were ranged face to face. Other stalls were allotted to the Diplomatic Body. In the centre of the choir, facing the altar, and close to the chairs occupied by the Queen and the Royal Family, was the bier for the reception of the remains, a simple construction of light-framed ironwork, furnished on the top with moveable rollers on wheels to slide the coffin along to the lift, by which at a given signal it might be lowered to the subterranean passage running from beneath St. George's Chapel, under the Cloister, to the Royal vault.

Previous to the ceremony the Dean of Windsor, assisted by Mrs. Davidson and Canon Courtenay, had disposed various floral tributes on the altar steps. The bridesmaids of the Duchess of Albany had sent a pretty garland, fit for a bridal. Others of these wreaths were in the form of a cross, one of an anchor, one, from a French Society, of a tricolour. The Queen sent a superb wreath, with white and violet flowers in concentric circles, and the central legend, "In Loving Memory."

The procession started a little later than the time announced, namely, at 11.40. Its approach was signalled to those within the Chapel by the playing of Chopin's Funeral March by the Coldstream Band. The line of mournful pomp moved from the draped pavilion down the Lower Castle Yard. First came servants belonging to the household of Prince Leopold, then servants of the Queen who had been in attendance on her lamented son. The gentlemen of the Household of His Royal Highness followed. Next came walking slowly in this foot procession the representatives of Royal and Imperial personages not present. After these walked the Equerries-in-Waiting, the Groom-in-Waiting, and the Lord-in-Waiting, then Mr. Collins, C.B., carrying the coronet of the late Duke on a cushion; then Major Stainer Waller, R.E., Equerry, bearing the insignia of the deceased, and then, preceded by their officers, the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward.

The coffin, covered with a Union Jack of rich silk, and surmounted by the late Duke's Highland bonnet and sword, was further laden with flowers. It was borne by men of the Seaforth Highlanders, the remainder of their detachment following; and, as they passed the guard, the tattered colours were stooped downward to the earth. On either side of the coffin walked the pall-bearers, and then came Garter King-at-Arms.

The chief mourner came next—the Prince of Wales, supported by



How long I sat there I know not; but presently I heard a step in the garden, and Mr. Hilyard returned.

"I met my Lord," he said. "Distraction was in his look; he hath mounted his horse and ridden away. Oh! Miss Dorothy, my poor mistress, forgive me; it is my fault—my doing—all."

He threw himself upon his knees. "Drive me away," he said, "I deserve nothing less. For it was none but I who wrote to Lady Crewe and told her of my Lord's passion and your doubt. Had it not been for that letter, the Bishop would have known nothing, and long before he could interfere you might have been received in Dilston Chapel. You have been my friend and benefactress, and this is my gratitude. Let me call him back. Why, we need not go to Mr. Howard; I know all his arguments. In half an hour I will convert you myself. In a quarter of an hour I will convince you. I will even ask to be received with you, so as to remain in your service. Be it on my own soul! It is the least that I can do."

I bade him be silent, and leave me alone. Yet he was so repentant, and so strangely moved, that I gave him my hand in token of forgiveness, and told him that there was nothing to forgive.

Sometimes, since, I have blamed him for meddling. But, had he not informed Lady Crewe, the thing must have been told her by another, and, sooner or later, the whole business must be opened before her. Besides, he was but doing his duty to his mistress. Yet I have often wondered why, when my Lord had me, so to speak, in a melting mood—when my heart was torn to pieces with pity and with love—he did not carry me away straight to the altar, when I might have been converted, received, baptised, confessed, and even married all in an hour, and before there was time to remember the Bishop at all.

(To be continued)



MR. J. A. KEMPE says that his great-aunt's weakness was want of selection and condensation. No doubt he is right; yet we could not well spare one page of the "Autobiography of Anna Eliza Bray" (Chapman and Hall). Mrs. Bray died last year, aged ninety-four. For years she had practically dropped out of the world of to-day, though as late as 1874 she published "Rosetangue," a West-country novel, and "Joan of Arc," the last of her historical books. But her grandmother, who died in her hundredth year, and could well remember those times of Queen Anne when she was growing up among men who had seen the execution of Charles I., had been the companion of her girlhood; and this not only gave an old-world tone to the future novelist's mind, but makes her in her autobiography an authority on that near past about which we are never tired of hearing. West-country folks, however, will care less for her reminiscences of the grandfather who shared with Sir T. Robinson the ownership of Ranelagh, than for the quaintly elegant life at Tavistock, the correspondence with Southey, who was snowed up on his visit to the Brays, and the story of Mary Colling, who went on working as a housekeeper after she had succeeded as a poet. To a good many Devonshire folk Mr. Bray is as familiar a figure as Jack Russell. His piteous exclamation: "Well, this is too bad, I shall be starved to death!" when the vegetables came in ill-cooked; and his wife's anxiety which led her even to interrupt family prayers with a caution to the cook, belong to the place as much as does Betsy Grimal's Tower. Types of character were then strongly marked; and people are yet living who have at any rate heard of the oddities described in Mrs. Bray's "Borders of Tamar and Tavvy." Of her own gentle eccentricity her habit of swathing the silver candlesticks in baize that they might not dazzle the eyes, and the prayer in her commonplace book "that Mason and Longman and myself may continue to act honourably and peaceably towards each other," are evidence enough. The book is delightful just for the very reason that it tells of the lost days when people had leisure enough to make much of trifles. Mr. and Mrs. Bray's theory about Dartmoor stone monuments, by the way, is coming into fashion again. Captain Conder (in "Heth and Moab," recently noticed in these columns) vouches for its truth as far as Syria is concerned. Mrs. Bray's first husband, Charles Stoithard, son of the painter, and himself an indefatigable sketches of ecclesiastical monuments, was killed by a fall from a ladder. Her deep love for him did not prevent her from so far worshipping Mr. Bray as always to stand up when he preached for fear of losing a word. We heartily recommend the book; it is as good in its way as a novel by the author of "Lorna Doone."

Mr. Fentiman's "Treasures of Truth for Busy Lives" (Ward and Lock) is just the book to keep on one's office shelf for use during those odd five minutes which, if devoted to something other than business, leave the mind far clearer than if one goes on and on without a break. We too often forget that good thoughts as well as bad are like burrs; and, since one kind or the other is pretty sure to lay hold of us, we may as well give the good an extra chance. Coleridge (as Mr. Fentiman reminds us) asked, "Why are not more gems from great authors scattered over the country?" They would certainly light up many dark places. Our grandfathers were fond of aphorisms; for our grandchildren's sake we ought not to neglect them. Mr. Fentiman's collection is very useful, not the less so because some of his maxims will inevitably provoke discussion.

Mr. F. Boyle assures us that we may unhesitatingly accept his facts in "On the Borderland" (Chapman and Hall). It will therefore be an amusing task for any one to settle for himself what is the fact and what the "idealising" in any one of these very sensational stories. Translated into French, and cut up into lengths, they would make the fortune of the newspaper that was lucky enough to get them into its *feuilleton*. Several of them are mere stories; others might be profitably read by those members of our Government who are not hopelessly incorrigible. "The Carpet" shows what manner of men they are whom the taking of Merv has brought so very near to Russia; and "Courage," full of modern instances, ends in a way quite startling in such a story book, with the assurance that courage won't save a State unless it is backed by force, and the wish that England had at home 100,000 men ready for foreign service, that so she might be free to ally herself on the side of right. Mere courage, Mr. Boyle thinks, is more common nowadays among the Russians than amongst any other people; and with them it is backed by plenty of force.

Mr. W. Carnegie, better known as "Moorman," gives in "Practical Game Preserving" (Upcott Gill) interesting notes on the pheasant, partridge, &c., and how to rear them, and also on rats, foxes as vermin, crows, jays, and every furred or feathered creature which either eats game, or is eaten as game. On the great rook question Mr. Carnegie has quite made up his mind. The rook does eat "an immense amount of spring-sown corn." Of course it eats wire worms as well, but that is because they lie thick among the juicy roots of the grain. About the French partridge we are disposed to differ even from so high an authority as "Moorman." It soon gets wild, no doubt; but surely it deserves better things than to be "classed gastronomically with a pigeon." Mr. Carnegie discusses the question whether or not grouse disease has been increased by killing off hawks; he also has some useful remarks on poachers, and on the law of trespass. Grouse, he thinks, suffer

much more from wanton destruction, due to class-feeling, than from poaching.

More fishery books (all by Messrs. Clowes). Mr. Okoshi's paper on "Fisheries of Japan" was not less interesting because the chair was filled by a countryman of the lecturer. The Japanese live almost wholly upon fish. Their fishers (Mr. Okoshi considerably included boys and women, lest the total should take our breath away) are said in their Blue Book to number 1½ millions against 114,000 in the United Kingdom. But though fish is the chief animal food, it is never (says Mr. Okoshi) "cheap and nasty." He evidently still hankers after the fish-pots of Tokio; and he says the reason why we eat so little fish is because we cook it so badly. The Chairman's remarks on the absolute need for revising the treaties are very significant. Japan, thirty years ago, was a mere child in our hands, and we made the most of our superior position and knowledge.

From Captain Maloney's "West African Fisheries" we learn that bloater-making is not only an East Anglian art. The African smoked fish has to last much longer than the Yarmouth bloater, and is often more than half rotten before it gets to its inland destination; but when it keeps good it is very good. Of Mr. Joncas' "Fisheries of Canada," the chief interest centres in the discussion on whether or not sea-fisheries need protection and a close time. The Canadians mostly say "Yes," and so does Professor Browne Goode, of the United States. Such, too, is the emphatic verdict of Col. Garcia Sola, who read a paper on the "Fisheries of Spain." Why the Norway winter herring-fishery (of spawning fish) has so fallen off within the last fourteen years, no one can tell. Up to 1869 the average had been 800,000 barrels; in 1871 there were 100,000; in 1875 none at all; since then from 20 to 70,000 barrels. Norway has now to depend on her autumn takes of "fat" (maiden) herring—the best in the world.

Besides these Conference papers, we wish to call attention to two handbooks, cursorily dealt with in our former notice—Mr. J. J. Manley's "Literature of Sea and River Fishing," and "Angling in Great Britain," by Mr. W. Senior, "Red Spinner." Both these well deserve to outlive the occasion which called them forth. Mr. Manley goes thoroughly into his subject, culling passages from authors of all dates and countries, beginning with Job, and taking us on through Allan and Oppian and Gervase Markham and Shirley and Best; to "Christopher North's" brother (author of "Rod and Gun") and "Christopher" himself, and Francis Francis and Cholmondeley Pennell. He has a pleasant chapter on "The English Poets on Fishing," and his notice of the early editions, &c., of the "Compleat Angler" is exhaustive. We heartily recommend his book; he has done for the public what Messrs. Westwood and Satchell, in their "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," have done for the few who have time and money for a *magnum opus*. Mr. Senior goes through the four seasons, and shows what had best be taken in hand in each, and how it may be most successfully tackled. He has an eye for scenery as well as for sport, and begs his readers not to confine themselves to pot-hunting, but to keep a friendly look out for bird, beast, insect, and plant. He has an excellent trick of painting a whole scene in a few words—witness what he says of the Sheffield anglers swooping down in their hundreds, and, when matches are arranged, in their thousands, on the Ancholme and Witham. He is great on flies, and has a word in favour of the dead-gorge for pike. Nor are his remarks confined to Great Britain; he takes us to the sister island, and describes with glee the blow-line fishing on the lakes of West Meath.

### THE NEWSPAPER HOUR

EVEN that daily-increasing class of French writers who are endeavouring to convince their contemporaries that English journalists are sent to China in order to deny or diminish deeds of Gallic prowess; even believers in the guineas which bought a victory of Arabi, have at heart a certain half-puzzled respect for the dignity and dash of the English Press. But when they point out that we are not newspaper appreciators because we accord no public honours to mere newspaper writers, when they say that we are not newspaper readers because we have no Newspaper Hour, they are not always easy to answer with ready candour. There is, in truth, in Paris at least, an outward manifestation of journalistic appetite that has no counterpart in London life. Look at those thirty thousand *cafés* and wine-shops, where papers are passing from hand to hand, from eight until one and two in the morning, and match them with British "bars" normally paperless, popular taverns rich with two tattered morning journals, lowly public-houses where the patron who keeps "the paper" is pestilent in the nostrils of host and customers, the exalted drinking-palace of the Grand Empyrean type, where never a newspaper is to be seen. Contrast the flaunting, florid kiosques with our mean little newsshops, or our ragged hawkers; contrast the offices furnished like museums or drawing-rooms with the edifices, sober and sometimes ugly as factories, where the English Fourth Estate is housed. If we consume as many printed columns as our neighbours, we do it quietly, secretly, in still club reading-rooms, in our own home snuggeries; and the picturesque publicity of the Paris Newspaper Hour is a thing almost unknown to us.

It is one of the most peculiarly Parisian moments in the Parisian life. It coincides with, and may be said to absorb, the famous *heure de l'absinthe*: the General Post Hour in the City is the only parallel London offers. It is the feverish crisis, the culmination of the day's activity. Not only on the days of great events or titillating scandal is the fever evident. The Boulevard is athirst for news at certain hours on days when nothing new has happened. White leaves seem to sprout at the fingers' ends, like green leaves and branches; it is an electric blossoming. There is a flutter of unfolded and refolded sheets; porters hurry along the asphalt, stopping half a minute at each kiosk, taking orders and verifying figures with lightning speed. Night and morning they perform the same rapid functions. In the morning the task is less gay, and must be performed before daylight, from four to five o'clock, winter and summer. Suburban dealers from Sèvres, Saint Cloud, Saint Denis, &c., wait shivering at the printers' doors or before the central sale rooms, generally in the Rue du Croissant. The Central Markets are hard by, and nearly all the nurserymen's carts carry back to their villages cargoes of newsvendors in place of the vegetables with which they started, often, unhappily, one *feuille de chou* for another. The porters have private keys which open the empty kiosques; their rounds made, their journals deposited, they assemble in wine shops exclusively dedicated to the "profession," and after "killing the worm" copiously, collect their dues on their way back to the Rue du Croissant.

There are some fifteen hundred newsvendors in Paris. In the poor quarters *perdu* by the Bièvre or the Canals many tradesmen hardly know the name of the *Figaro*, and just sell about two francs' worth of sou journals a day. Twenty-five and thirty francs are the ordinary receipts in the commercial quarters; and there are kiosques on the fashionable boulevards, whose daily average of profits is certainly not less than two pounds. There are situations at the Grand Hotel, by the Passage Jouffroy, in some of the chief squares, at the Bourse, &c., where more than double this amount is diurnally taken. Here the stall-keepers are personages of exalted pretensions, who are represented by their servant or some hired deputy during the greater part of the day. Nearly every kiosk depends mainly upon its regular customers; casual buyers contribute an infinitesimal part of its profits. As a general rule, the Frenchman who does not subscribe to a newspaper subscribes in a way to a kiosk. The

revolutionary instinct does not by any means reject the tyranny of a habit. Few literary stalls affect a special physiognomy. There are the two pre-eminently English stands opposite the Grand Café and the Café de la Paix, whose owners are characters in their way, and whose wares—English, German, and Italian prints—are the wonder and, let us hope, the instruction of thousands of Lutetian loafers. The famous stall kept of yore by Mlle. de la Périère, the pseudo-Spanish heroine of latter-day Imperial scandals, has long been vacated by its pretty tenant, whose resemblance to the Empress is said to have lost her her licence. Another kiosk is held by an ex-companion of Mademoiselle Marguerite Bellanger; and the widow of a once-conspicuous Republican politician still dispenses periodicals near the Faubourg Montmartre. These scarcely ever preside in the little round towers. They are held by *concierges* of learned leisure, retired box-keepers, wives and mothers of little stationery-shopkeepers, chambermaids with "protections," widows of petty officers with pettier pensions. They pay a proportionally heavy rent for their stalls, which already bring in respectable revenues by reason of their advertisements.

The "serious" papers are pretty well all sold in two or three hours—from eight to eleven in the morning, from five to seven in the afternoon. The most popular papers are seldom to be seen after two in the afternoon or nine in the evening. But the relative popularity of a given number of sheets cannot be absolutely tested by this means; there is the subscription system to be taken into account. Certain ponderous organs of opinion which have become properties by befriending property have the poorest sale at the kiosques but the largest list of subscribers. The *D. bat*, for instance, is scarcely sold at all in several of the central Boulevard stalls, where the *Kappel* is asked for thrice a minute. The one is sent to every household of any culture in France, the other is a rarity beyond the military zone. Perhaps the manias of newspaper buyers are as remarkable in the Strand as on the Boulevard Montmartre, but methinks they are not so openly indulged. Any kiosk-tenant will tell you that ten out of twelve of her regular customers has some *tic* or whim of his own. There are buyers who will wait at the kiosk windows for the very first wet sheet delivered to the retail merchant. They are the adorers of *principes* editions. They may not read their prize until after dinner, but to know that it is in their pocket is sufficient happiness. Lovers of the last edition will see that their journal contains five lines more of the Deputies' debate than its predecessor, and go their way contented, without ascertaining what the debate is about. There are buyers wedded to one journal, not for the sake of its style or opinions, but because they are accustomed to the print, and know exactly where to find the Bourse article. Some *dilettanti* group themselves about their accustomed stall and devour their journal whole, without stirring. Another species of newspaper mania is that of the inconveniently numerous idlers who besiege the printing-offices panting to see their journals, *clichés*, *tirés*, *plis*, and the rest, to see the molten metal become a solid sheet of news or nonsense, or both; to watch the machines cutting and throwing off endless ribbons of paper; to linger in the way of the distributors, and be hustled by the porters, thirty at least to each paper, each with his special beat and quarter. Carts are little used except as means of transmission to the railway stations. The *France*, the *Figaro*, and the *Petit Journal* have alone organised a Paris distribution on wheels.

Nearly a thousand new periodicals are launched in Paris every year. A large proportion of these are local Latin Quarter prints, students' essays prating of *la jeunesse* at every line, and generally written by bald Bohemians of forty, who are still students in the sense that they have never been able to conquer a diploma. Some of these godless gazettes are full of fun and fancy; the majority are lamentably crapulous; all are fatally ephemeral. The periodical reprints of forgotten *feuilletons* are more successful; but the literary reviews, the journals of pure criticism, the magazines of *belles lettres* in the capital which invented the finikin term—these are the predestined failures that produce the biggest bales of *bouillons*. The name suggests something comforting, substantial; but in truth *bouillons* are the scoriae, the residues, the "returns," in fact, of a literary venture. *Boire un bouillon*, Littré has it, is to experience a loss, a deception. Literally, the *bouillon* is the bubble that rises to the surface of a boiling liquid and explodes there, leaving nothing behind. Hence the printer's slang. Struggling journals take back their *bouillons* from the vendors to sell them as they can by the hundredweight; they would find no sellers for their next number if they refused. Others repay ten or twenty per cent. for unsold copies. The "serious" journals refuse all *bouillons* haughtily; their position is secure, their sale certain. This is so well known that numbers of experienced Parisians have their pet papers kept for them at their favourite kiosques, knowing that, after a certain hour, a *Temps* or a *Figaro* might cost them half an hour's journey of discovery. As for the solid reviews, the large illustrated papers, in the eyes of superficial observers nobody seems to buy them. They appear to be monopolised by the *cafés* and the *cabinets de lecture* which have regular Friday evening customers come on purpose to read them. Their mainstay is their subscription lists.

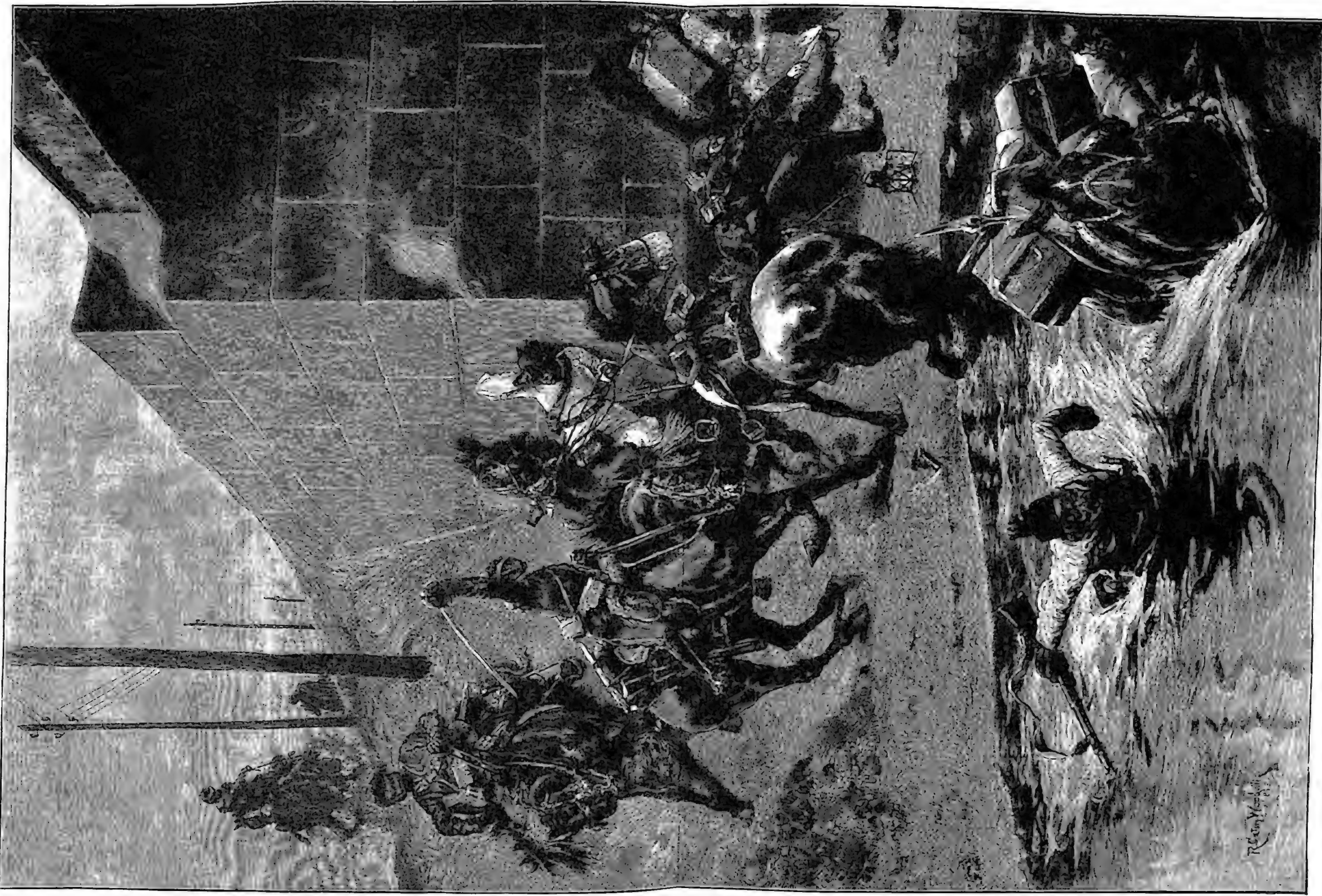
These, like all other journals, have quarters where they are in demand, others where they are unknown. A statistical map of Paris showing the newspaper sale of a week would give a candidate at one glance an idea of the electoral college most suited to him. Thus the artistic illustrated papers are almost exclusively sold along the Boulevards, at Montmartre, and in the Latin quarter, where a species of culture-colony exists; the "worldly," more or less frivolous press, affects the Monceau Plain, from the Rue de Douai to the Courcelles Station, and even beyond. The heavy political and literary organs find their readiest sale in the Faubourg Saint Germain, the Faubourg Saint Honoré, and in the scholastic portions of the Institut and the Sorbonne. Belleville and La Villette, of course, swallow three-quarters of the Intransigent publications, albeit their sphere is perceptibly spreading every day. The flimsy little wickednesses, coloured or plain, with which French journalism is too often identified, are not popular in the popular quarters. They are the favourites of Alsatia, where Nana is Queen and Alphonse Prince Consort; but unfortunately there is a bit of that Alsatia in nearly every arrondissement.

E. J.



MR. RICHARD DOWLING has a remarkable talent, indeed it may be said genius, for nightmare. But that such a faculty grows by indulgence till it is certain to pass the point of danger is proved, if proof were needed, by his "The Last Call: a Romance" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). It is indeed justly called a romance; for it is to all other romances what the wildest of them is to the most steady-going novel. The hero is a madman, who in the course of many other lunatic proceedings attempts murder and commits arson (the latter out of jealousy of a rival tenor); another principal character is absorbed in the work of undermining an old church tower in the City to find a treasure which he believes to have been hidden there during the Great Fire; thoughts of suicide are familiar to the characters generally. The treasure-hunter perishes miserably in consequence of the failure of his search; another personage is nearly suffocated in his own strong room; the hero is buried alive with a





"IN THE NICK OF TIME—AN ATTEMPT AT CUTTING COMMUNICATIONS"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS







colour worn on the day, and the blue harebells were supposed to come into flower to honour the occasion. On St. Mark's Day, 25th, all work on the farm was stilled, or woe betide the growing crops! St. Mark, however, if duly honoured on his feast day, would bless the tilling of the grain. It is difficult to see how this Evangelist became associated with the cereal crops, but perhaps Biblical associations with "corn in Egypt" connected themselves with the patron saint of Egypt, as St. Mark in the Middle Ages was esteemed. Vaughan, in his "Golden Grove," states that in 1579 an alewife "woulde needes brue upon St. Marke's Day," when the chimney took fire, and her house was entirely burnt; "surely a gentle warning to them that violate and prophane forbidden daies." In Wales the Saint was believed to show his displeasure at work on his day by the death of a horse on the farm. The observance of St. Mark's Day did not die out till the Commonwealth period. On the last night of April those who object to fairy visits should strew primroses before the doors of their dwellings. A more sensible use will have been already found by many persons on the 19th.

**THAMES AND ISIS.**—Is the second of these names a purely poetic or classical appellation for the Thames at Oxford, or is it the name of a separate river which joins the Thames on its course to the sea? To answer this question, which may not improbably come before the recently-appointed Select Committee, it would be very useful to learn from some good authority whether the town of Thame and the stream of the same name are identical in title with the Thames; also whether the word Thames is itself a single or a composite word, and if it be a single word, how it has come to be pronounced *Thems*, a pronunciation exceedingly suggestive of a reduced longer form. More people, it may be said, have occasion to speak of the Thames than of Thame; but the residents at the latter place have gone on for a thousand years without altering the pronunciation of the word. Is not the Thame the old Thames into which the Isis flows near Dorchester and Bensington?

**GOAT FARMING.**—A large goat farm has just been established at Boxmoor, in Hertfordshire. The stock includes all usual varieties, namely, the English, the Irish, the Nubian, the Maltese, and the Angora. In order to feed the goats a considerable acreage has been put under prickly comfrey, tares, roots, and grass for hay. The goats' milk is to be sold, and in air-tight half-pint tins can be sent to any part of the country by parcels post. Any person wishing to hire a goat can do so, and kennels for the shelter of the animal while on hire are also supplied. Considering the nutritious character of goats' milk, and its many valuable properties, the enterprise bids fair to be a success, as publicly advantageous and convenient.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The number of animals now infected with foot-and-mouth disease is 1,100 only, against 3,000 in March.—Swine fever exists extensively in Wiltshire. A short time ago about fifty pigs died of this disease, and were buried without being reported to the police. Several fresh outbreaks have now occurred, and some twenty pigs or more have been slaughtered by order of the authorities.—A farming association has been formed at Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, where 200 working men have banded themselves together and rented a farm of 180 acres, which they will cultivate themselves. The experiment is being watched with great interest in the district.

### THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

HISTORY has been making itself at rather a rapid rate lately, and her mood has been more than usually excited. Within the last few months events, startling in kind and far-reaching in effect, have followed each other so swiftly, that the volume and direction of enterprises of a merely peaceful character have remained unchronicled and unheeded.

Even the Hygienic Exhibition, which will be opened presently under the most assuring auspices at South Kensington, has scarcely received the notice it deserves; and as for the great International and Universal Exhibition, which the public will see for the first time on St. George's Day at the Crystal Palace, and which in less exciting times would have filled daily columns of the newspapers, it has either not been noticed at all, or referred to in an obscure paragraph.

Yet this Crystal Palace gathering of all those arts, products, and appliances by which man's progress in civilisation is measured, is the most important and all-embracing affair of the kind which has occurred in this country since the International Exhibition of 1862.

The present directorate, wisely gauging the general tendencies of the time, and noting specially the fact that International Exhibitions, instead of being a fashion that would soon pass away, are in reality a permanent institution, an international necessity, which means peace and an increase of knowledge, have applied themselves to their voluntary enterprise with an energy and spirit which the public will know how to appreciate.

While we write, workmen are busy from one end of the nave to the other fitting up multitudinous cases, and decorators are putting the finishing touches to the various points of saliency throughout the vast building. The industrial sights and sounds which meet one at every turn bring vividly to mind the aspect of things when the first great International Exhibition was nearing its time of opening; and, although the interest is not so widespread now as it was then, it is of a much more appreciative kind, and the exhibits themselves are at once more choice and universal.

In all matters of invention and manufacture the Exhibition will be truly representative, while the Fine Art Section will embrace paintings, drawings, designs on glass, and all reproductions in black and white; sculpture, ceramics, and all processes in Fictile and Glyptic Art; architectural models and drawings; carvings in wood, ivory, and other materials; designs in brass, iron, bronze, and the precious metals; lace, tapestry, and all other products of the loom and needle.

There will be, for example, tapestries from the Royal Works at Windsor; costly samples of needlework occupying glass cases thirty feet in length, lent by the Royal School of Ladies' Art Needlework, South Kensington; pottery from Lambeth, including the marvellous designs of Tinworth, and also from Staffordshire, which among other things will send a vase of colossal proportions, the figures on which have been designed by the famous Carrier of Paris. This vase stands over eleven feet in height, and is valued at two thousand guineas.

Painting will be representative of every school and country of Europe, from Naples to Stockholm, and important works of mural dimensions have been lent by various Continental Governments.

The proprietors of this journal have contributed the whole of their "Graphic Gallery," a collection which, as many of our readers are aware, forms of itself quite a little Art-Cosmos.

British etching will be adequately represented by such men as Messrs. Whistler and Haden; and the Fine Art Society of Bond Street, Messrs. M'Lean, Tooth, Dowdeswell, and Mendoza, not to mention other English firms, have sent excellent examples of their many publications.

Nor, in this respect, will such countries as France, Germany, and Austria be behind. The sundry processes recently brought to such perfection by the Messrs. Goupil of Paris, the various reproductions in black and white, as well as in colours, of the famous Society in Vienna, whose annual Art portfolio has commanded such deserved success; and whose "School of Athens," by Professor Jacoby, ranks with the late Professor Mandel's "Madonna Sistina" as one of the choicest works in pure line which modern times have seen, at

all adequately represented, and in such a way that the student may note and compare the various schools and processes for himself.

The late Vienna Exhibition of Black and White is the only thing of the kind which has been so thoroughly international in character, and most assuredly since 1862 there has been nothing in England so world-wide in its scope in respect of the products both of industry and Art.

JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON

### AN OLD-FASHIONED THEATRICAL TAVERN

IN the old theatrical days, when every country theatre kept a stock company through seven or eight months of the year, each important provincial town boasted an especial tavern where the actors chiefly congregated after the performance. In those days—and I am referring only to some twenty or five-and-twenty years back—the leading tradesmen, and even the lawyer and the doctor, and "the independent gentleman," did not think it derogatory to drink their brandy and water and smoke their pipes in the bar-parlour of a respectable inn. Clubs were few, especially in the provinces, and taverns were little restricted as to the hours of closing: the multiplication of the one and the restrictions placed upon the other have transferred the company of the old bar-parlour to the smoking-room of the club; both are essentially the same, it is only the name that is changed. The theatrical tavern was a theatrical institution. I can remember one which might serve as a type; it was situated just opposite the stage door of the Theatre Royal of one of the great Northern manufacturing towns, and was kept by a famous cricketer of the All-England Eleven; it was called the Shakespeare. These houses were usually named after the immortal William or his head. It had a good sized, comfortable, old-fashioned parlour, with panelled walls darkened to a rich brown by successive generations of smokers, a long narrow table of black mahogany ran down the centre, upon which stood a trayful of "churchwardens," veritable yards of clay, for the use of the frequenters, and a brass box or caddy of tobacco; a row of stout Windsor arm-chairs was ranged round the walls, and the floor was covered with sawdust.

The company admitted to this *arcadium* at night were very select; indeed, it was quite a club. Strangers, outsiders, and roysters were not permitted to enter; there was another room for them, and, as a rule, the theatrical element was confined to those holding a certain position in the theatre; the small fry, such as utility men, were scarcely considered to be entitled to the privilege. The company did not begin to assemble until about ten o'clock, when the first piece was over, and was not in full strength until about eleven. Some had been over to witness the performance, others had dropped in, according to custom; some came every night, some two or three times a week, some only occasionally. The talk, though it might commence upon some sensational topic of the day, always drifted into theatricals as the night advanced. It is almost superfluous to say that the old playgoer was here in great force, and there were one or two oracles who were looked up to as the town authorities upon all subjects appertaining to the stage. One of these was a lawyer, a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, who wore a black wig, and dyed his whiskers to match. He had once seen John Kemble, he had seen Mrs. Siddons in her last days, when, as everybody knows, her genius had utterly departed, though he talked of her performance as though he had witnessed it in the days described by Hazlitt; he had seen Miss O'Neil, Kean in the zenith of his powers, and Macready was a remembrance of yesterday. Need I say after this that Mr. Crump did not believe in modern acting, that he looked down upon it from such a lofty height that its present professors appeared to him only pignies; that he scarcely ever entered the theatre, but allowed his theatrical tastes to banquet only on the Barmecidal feasts of retrospection. When one of the old legitimate plays had been performed, such as Young's *Revenge* or Maturin's *Bertram*, plays that seem centuries away from the present generation, but which were still stock pieces in the country at the time I write of, Mr. Crump was in great force. He would wait quietly until some one ventured to praise the performance of the evening. Then, with a preliminary cough, he would solemnly enunciate the words, "Sir, you should have seen the great Kean, or Mr. Macready, in that part. I have!" Then he would pause to give his hearers time for respectful contemplation, for although Mr. Crump was secretly considered to be a bit of a bore, his assumption of superior knowledge was never disputed, and he was generally regarded with a certain feeling of respectful awe. Whether he believed that a certain vagueness or indication which each man's imagination could fill up as it pleased was the best calculated to impress his hearers, or whether he doubted his own powers of description, or whether his recollections were too imperfect to be reduced to words, I cannot pretend to say, but he never favoured the company with any picture of these great actors' performances. Occasionally some one would ask how Mr. Kean or Mr. Macready, as the case might be, rendered such or such a scene or passage. "How did he render it, sir?" Mr. Crump would answer, glaring fiercely at him. "As no actor ever can render it again! Actors, sir! There are none left; they are all dead, sir; the art is dead." After pronouncing this judgment he would lapse into solemn silence, and, wrapped in wreaths of smoke, mourn over the defunct glories of the British stage. Sometimes a modern representative of Melpomene would hotly dispute Mr. Crump's views; irreverently refer to his models as the old tie-wig school, and maintain that "a modern audience would not stand them." Mr. Crump never condescended to argue; he smoked on with a look of withering contempt that implied an immensity, and this silence sustained his character of superior knowledge better than any number of words that he could have uttered.

As it may be supposed, this *laudator temporis acti* was not a favourite with the actor element, though they might have consoled themselves with the reflection that every age has had its Crump, that even Garrick and his company were looked upon contemptuously by those who in their youth had seen Betterton and his contemporaries.

In contrast to Mr. Crump was a mild, elderly gentleman, whose first inquiry of the first actor who entered the room was invariably, "What sort of a house have you had?" If the answer were unfavourable he would put on a look of the utmost concern, and launch out in severe censure upon the lack of taste shown by the town in not nightly crowding a theatre graced by so talented a company. "They don't deserve it, sir, they don't deserve a theatre at all," he would say indignantly. But the mild old gentleman was never known to pay for admission, though he never refused an order, and never failed to express the utmost indignation if the house was not good. I have remarked that the people who are most ready to deplore a lack of patronage to theatrical amusements never do pay themselves. Each actor had his special admirer among the company; there were those who regarded Smith, the leading man, as a Heaven-born genius, and others who roared with laughter if Jones, the low comedian, merely remarked that it was a wet night. There were young men in the infancy of their theatrical-experiences who sat and gazed at the actors with an awful reverence, such as an astronomer might manifest if admitted to an interview with the inhabitants of Mars or Jupiter, and fluttered with delight if one of these abnormal beings condescended to take a glass with them, and it must be admitted that the abnormal beings were very kindly upon that score.

Upon one point the frequenters of the Shakespeare bar-parlour were thoroughly agreed, and that was in a profound belief in the theatrical judgment of their birthplace as represented in themselves.

"If you pass an S— audience, you can pass any in England," was a dictum constantly upon their lips; but the actors had heard the same thing of the B—, and the C—, and of every audience they had played before, each town believing itself to be the criterion of British criticism, and consequently it did not impress them so greatly as a more novel assertion might have done. There were long arguments and discussions, there were reminiscences of bygone theatrical events, the actors told anecdotes of their own career and other people's, and funny stories, to the accompaniment of grog and tobacco, and so the time rolled on until the early hours of the morning, and the landlord, who for the last hour had been urgently and more urgently reminding his guests of the necessity of departing, became sternly resolute, and the argument, or the anecdote, or the funny story had to be finished in the street, sometimes rather loudly waking the echoes of the night.

"But, bless me!" some reader may exclaim, "the same thing happens every night, minus the landlord, at the Savage, or the Green Room, or the Junior Garrick." So true it is that all our brand new habits and modes of life are but modifications of our old ones. But there was a quaint flavouring of provincial life in the old theatrical tavern, old-world prejudices and survivals, curious bits of character and opinion, that are not to be found among the loungers of the modern theatrical club.

H. B. B.

### WANTED—A CHURCH ORGAN

THE parish church wants an organ. The parish church is always wanting something. We have already had a bazaar—that is, two; we have had some dozen concerts; several penny readings, varied by occasional magic-lantern entertainments and instructive lectures—in fact, we have seized every reasonable pretext (some people have called them unreasonable) for extorting money from our neighbours' pockets by pretending to give them something in return. And now they say we must have an organ. What is to be done? A solemn convocation is held round the school-room fire after tea, and the matter discussed. Another concert is unanimously voted to be out of the question: no one would come. The idea of a conjuror is dismissed, as not being sufficiently profitable. We are at our wits' end; till suddenly Bob (he's our youngest brother) brings both his hands down on his thighs with a noise like a pistol-shot, and exclaims, "I've got it!" "What?" we shout in chorus. "Why, theatricals, of course," he answers. Our faces fall: acting is not one of our many accomplishments, and the idea of appearing for the first time in public is one that should not be entertained otherwise than with extreme caution. A hundred objections occur at once; but Bob, in his off-handed way, disposes of them as fast as they crop up. "Oh, nonsense," he says; "it's easy enough. You've only got to learn your parts, and dress up, and say them, and try to look like Irving or Toole, or one of the swells, and it'll go off thundering well." This is all very well on Bob's part; he has seen Toole act once, but none of the rest of us have, and we do not know at all how it ought to be done. Suppose we were to amalgamate Toole and Irving, what would be the result? But no other suggestion is forthcoming, and we eventually decide on theatricals. The village carpenter is entrusted with the erection of the stage, a commission which he undertakes with diffidence; at first the idea of scenery bothers us a good deal, till at last we remember that, years ago, an Amateur Theatrical Society was started in a neighbouring town; in the happy heedlessness of youth they put *Romeo and Juliet* on the stage as their maiden effort, and have never performed since; accordingly we contrive to borrow the scenery painted for that occasion, and though it is not peculiarly adapted for the two farces which we intend to produce, yet it does not do to be too particular. The dresses we elaborate for ourselves, and a very makeshift lot they prove to be. We want a policeman's uniform: Bob is nothing daunted; he says, "Oh, there's my school Rifle Corps kit, that'll do capitally; we can pretend that the chap is in the Royal Irish Constabulary, you know; and I've got a saloon pistol he can stick in his belt." The proposed policeman looks blank, and says, "No, hang it, that won't do," but he is overruled. On these occasions no one ever is interested in any one else's costume; you consult your best friend, and he only says, "Oh, yes, that'll do first rate, but how am I to manage about that gardener's wig?" and so on.

We have a few rehearsals at which every one gets a little cross: the ladies as a rule know their parts, the gentlemen do not. Occasionally the prompter suggests to some member of the corps, "Would it not be as well to put a little acting into that part? Something like this," and he strikes an attitude expressive of stage indignation; but the offending member declines, as he says, "to make a fool of himself in rehearsal;" and asserts "that it will be all right when he gets on to the stage." It is greatly to be hoped that this will be the case.

At last the eventful evening arrives; we are all in a state of nervous agitation. A sort of dinner has been ordered for six o'clock, but we none of us eat anything—not nervous, of course, in the least, we say, but six o'clock is too early for any one to be able to eat; it appears, however, that it is not too early to drink, and the champagne is the only thing that disappears. The non-performers make a hearty meal; it is evidently not too early for them; their appetites disgust us, and we leave the room to get ready.

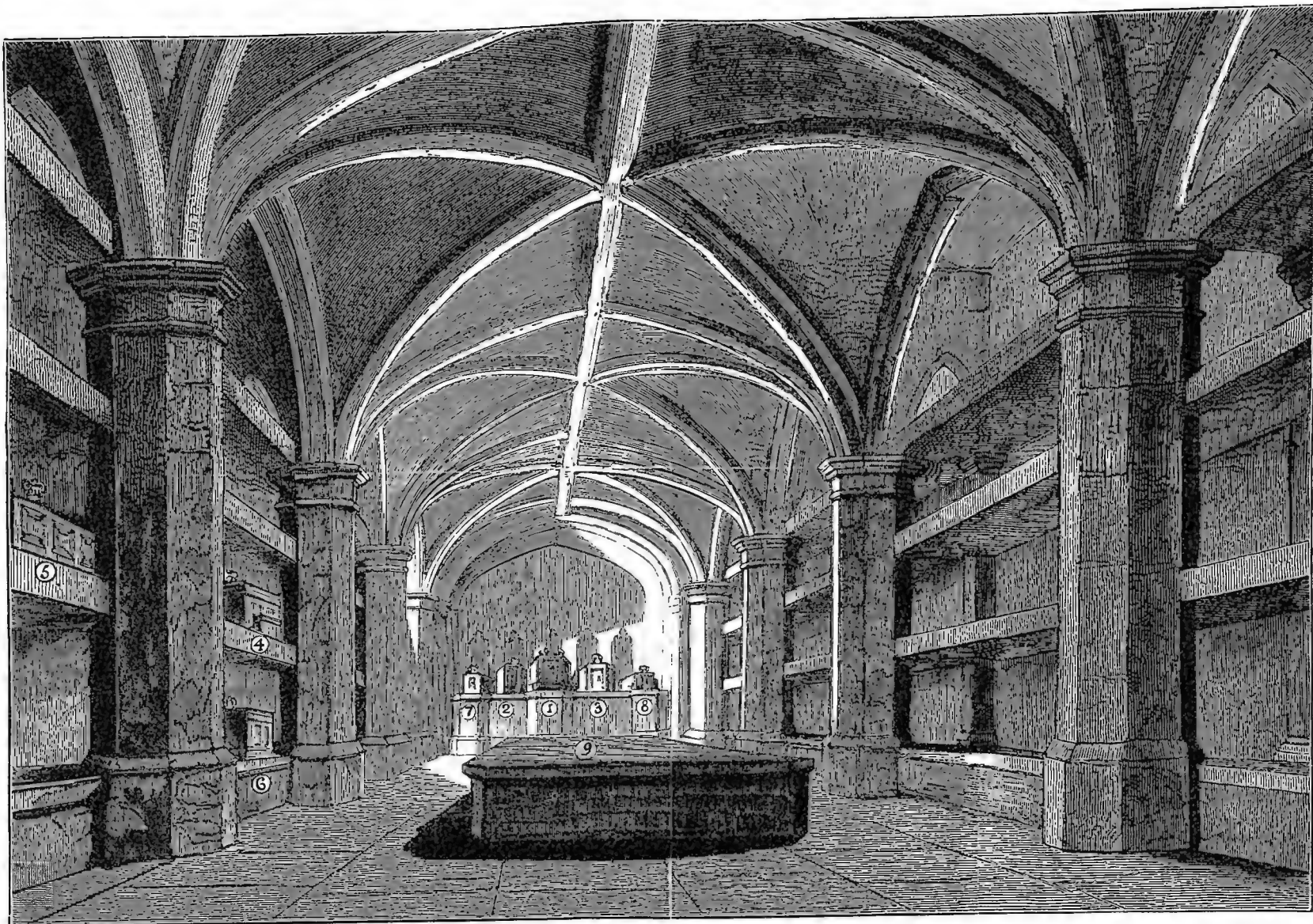
The orchestra, a violin and harmonium (they do not seem to get on very well together), are half through the overture. Every one is rushing across the stage, behind the curtain, asking questions of every one else. "Do I come in right or left?" "Is that photograph in the blotting-book where it ought to be?" "Am I properly made-up; is there enough rouge?"

The overture has ended abruptly; there is a scurry, as of rats behind the wainscot, and we are all in the green-room.

The bell rings, the curtain rises, and the play has begun. The prompter is already hard at work; he does not prompt distinctly once for all, but keeps spasmodically repeating the missing sentence in a loud whisper, which is plainly audible throughout the room. Then, of course, the photograph is not in the blotting-book after all, and that causes a confusion, in fact, it almost unhinges the actress who ought to have discovered it there, and did not. The prompter, to whom she makes frantic signs to hand it in to her, mistakes her gestures, and prompts vigorously. They neither of them know at this moment how that play came to an end. But now the scenes require shifting, and the carpenter is called into requisition. "Which is it you wants," he asks, "the drawing-room or the garden?" We explain impatiently that it is the garden. "All right," he says, "I understand." And we leave him in confident hope that it will prove all right. Returning after some fifteen minutes, we find the back scene representing the garden flanked by the drawing-room wings. "Ain't that right?" he inquires, seeing the anguish on our faces. We explain that it is all wrong, and adjure him to alter it quickly; but he will not be hurried. "Don't worrit me!" is all he says; "it'll all come right in time." And by the time that it has come right the audience have waited thirty-five minutes, and are disposed to be critical.

We are conscious that the play is dragging. Bob, anxious to raise a laugh, burlesques his part outrageously; he plays to the pit, represented by the sixpenny seats at the back, and is so far successful. The rest of us are in agony till the curtain falls, and then we solemnly vow that we will never, on any consideration, act again; but after supper (at which, by the way, we are all very hungry) our views change. We declare that it was really not at all bad, and it is more than probable at the present moment that we shall act again next year.





1. His Majesty George the Third.—2. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte.—3. Princess Amelia.—4. Princess Charlotte and Infant.—5. Duke of Kent.—6. Duchess of Brunswick.—7. Prince Alfred.—8. Prince Octavius.—9. Present Position of Duke of Albany's Coffin.

THE ROYAL VAULT UNDER ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WHERE THE LATE DUKE IS BURIED



"DUST TO DUST"—MR. WALTER CAMPBELL SCATTERING EARTH UPON THE COFFIN

THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE FUNERAL AT WINDSOR





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"Mr. Hilyard appeared abruptly, taking the early air in a morning gown."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### A DECISION

JUST as Mr. Forster's visit to Dilton is by some pretended to have had a political meaning, so Lord Derwentwater's visit to Bamfborough in the following June is also wrongly so described, as will immediately become apparent. In truth there was in neither any political or rebellious intentions whatever; but as at Dilton the Radcliffe cousins assembled to keep their Christmas and New Year with the Earl, so at Bamfborough, the Protestant gentlemen, including those who then and afterwards remained well affected to the Hanover usurpation, gathered together to meet Lord Derwentwater. People in the South cannot understand how Protestants and Catholics can meet in Northumberland without immediately falling to loggerheads and quarrelling about the Pope. And it seems the belief of the common sort in London that the appearance of a Catholic should be the signal for the throwing of brickbats, dead cats, and stones at his head. This kind of piety we do not understand. Alas! it was my unhappiness during this time of company, when every one expected smiles and a face of joy, to feel that such a reply would have to be given to my Lord as would fill two hearts with unhappiness. I carried Lady Crewe's letter with me always, not for comfort, but for support, for it afforded me small consolation to know that I had the permission and authority of the Church to make myself unhappy. Father Howard, on the other hand, would have given me authority to be happy. I perceived, too, that Mr. Hilyard had fully divined my secret, because he now sat glum, and had looked at me with eyes full of pity, though he spoke not for a time. This is a grievous thing for a young woman who hath a great secret, to find that a third person has guessed it. For then must she either confess it to that person, in which case she, perhaps, blabs the secret of another, or she must go on pretending to hide what has already been discovered, like an ostrich with her eggs, or the pelican, who is said to bury her head in the sand, and so to think that all is concealed. Mr. Hilyard gave no sign of his discovery save by tell-tale eyes, which, dissimulators of looks though he was, could not hide from me the truth that he knew my trouble and sorrow.

A day or two before my Lord arrived, he began, Tom being present, to speak very briskly about badgers, otters, cub foxes, sea fowl, and other things with which his Lordship might be amused, and presently Tom having withdrawn, he said to me, gravely:

"Miss Dorothy, I would that I could hope to see the roses return to your cheeks when my Lord comes. Believe me, those others who love you (in their own station and with the respect due)

take it greatly to heart that they see you thus going in sorrow and trouble."

At these kind words I began to cry and lament.

"Nay," he said, "there is, be assured, no man in the world worth your tears. And there is remedy for those who will find it, as is shown in the 'Remedium Amoris.' Cressida forsook Troilus for Diomedes; Paris left CEnone for Helen; Helen preferred, to the tender care of the best of husbands, Paris and the flouts of the Trojan ladies; one Cupid is painted contending with another, because one love driveth out another."

"I know not," I replied, "how there can be two loves in one life. These are idle words, Mr. Hilyard. What is Helen or Cressida to me?"

"It were much to be desired," said Mr. Hilyard, without replying to this question, "that the passion of love could be treated as copiously and minutely by ingenious women as it hath been by men, who have written all the love stories and poems on love, so that the world may very well learn the miseries caused by that passion in men, and its incitements, growth, violence, and remedies. Yet for women there has been nothing (a few fragments by Sappho excepted) written by themselves to tell of the origin, symptoms, and strength of the passion, nor how it differs from the corresponding emotion in men. So that though physicians may very well understand the existence of the disease (if it be a disease), even though it exhibit to outward view less violent symptoms than in men, they are apt to treat it as if it were the same in kind, whereas (as I conceive and in my poor judgment) it is, by no means of the same kind. This I could make manifest to you, had you the patience to listen."

"Indeed, Sir," I said, "I doubt not that you are a very learned person; but suffer me, pray, to know my own heart without your interpretation."

"For the cure of love in young men," he went on, "there are prescribed many things of little service in the case of the other sex. For instance, fasting, exercise, study, the use of lettuce, melons, water-lilies, and rue, combined (in obstinate cases) with flogging. None of these remedies seem convenient or apt for a woman; indeed, for a true *remedium amoris*, I think there is nothing absolutely sovereign for a woman, except the comprehension or the discovery that the object of her passion, on account of some vitium or defect which he may possess in mind or body, is, among his fellows, contemptible or mean. Others think that a woman is most easily cured by the knowledge of her lover's infidelity, or loss of affection. But this produces jealousy, and jealousy incites to

revenge, or even madness. Wherefore, Miss Dorothy, I would recommend all young ladies who are in love to steadily keep before their imaginations the imperfections of their lovers."

"Oh! Sir," I cried, "this talk is trifling. You have found out my secret and shamed me. You know that I love a man whom I cannot marry. Let that be enough. Why tease me with this foolish prating of lettuce and water lilies? My Lord may—nay, he must—go away and find another woman for his wife. This must I bear without jealousy or revenge, as a Christian woman should, because there is no help for it. But that I should think upon his defects—who hath none! Fie, Mr. Hilyard. I thought not you could say anything so foolish and so cruel."

"Forgive me," he replied, seeing that I was now moved to anger.

Why, after this foolish talk about fickle women—I may not have been so beautiful as Helen, but I have certainly been more constant—and about the symptoms of love, as if any woman who respects herself would talk to a man about her thoughts and hopes—and about love's remedies and lettuces, as if what one eats and drinks could alter the affections of the heart!—after all this talk, I say—to advise me that I should fix my mind on my Lord's imperfections. Of all men the least imperfect!

"Forgive me, Miss Dorothy. I know of no defects in his Lordship, except that he hath made you unhappy with loving you (a thing which he could not help, unless he had been the most insensible of men). Yet I would venture on anything if I could only restore the merry face of my mistress. Did you take counsel with any—any in authority?" Here he blushed, and looked shame-faced, I know not why.

"Lady Crewe hath written to me, enjoining me in the name of the Bishop to proceed no farther."

"Yet your happiness is more to me—I mean, to yourself—than the order of the Bishop. Wherefore, Miss Dorothy"—he endeavoured to speak boldly, but failed, and spoke in some confusion, like unto one who first would open up his mind as regards a horrid crime,—“wherefore let us consider that case of conscience which you once laid before me again. It may be that—we shall see—the Bishop may not thoroughly understand—there are excuses”—he seemed feeling about for them—“It may very well be argued that a young gentlewoman, such as you described in your questions, might be considered as an exceptional case; for not only her own, but also her lover's happiness is concerned. And he is, we must remember, a great nobleman. And though we hold a purer form of faith, yet it cannot be denied that the Catholics have a most venerable—”



"Oh! Mr. Hilyard," I interrupted, "your arguments come too late."

"If you are unhappy," he replied, "how much more I, who am the cause."

"You the cause?"

"Yes," he hung his head; "because—because—well, if I had given a different reply to that question—"

He sighed again, and went away; but looked as if there was something still on his mind, if he dared to say it out. And still he was silent, and behaved like one with a burden on his conscience when in my company. But this did not at all prevent him from being in good voice, and with a cheerful countenance, such as becomes a man who is happy and of a clear conscience, when Mr. Forster had visitors and the drinking and singing began. However, I had long ceased to wonder at the variations in this man, all for virtue in the morning, with a conscience tender, and converse pious and sincere. Yet in the evening, virtue forgotten, folly made welcome, and revelry proclaimed with wicked and idle songs.

The month of June is the spring of Northumberland, and a most beautiful time it is, when every morning yields a new surprise, and the dullest heart cannot but rejoice in the long days and the warm sunshine, after the cold east winds of April and May. In June the very sands upon the shore below the Castle show of brighter hue, while the hedges are gay with flowers, and the trees are all glorious with their new finery of leaf. Nowhere, Mr. Hilyard assures me, are the leaves of the trees more large and full, or the flowers of field, hedge, and ditch more varied, than in this favoured county. It is in this month that a young lover should woo his mistress; it was in this month that Lord Derwentwater came to pay his court to one who was, alas! bidden to say him nay.

He came for no other purpose—though it was given out that he came to stay with Tom Forster, to visit his property in the north of the county (in right of this the north transept of Bamborough Church belonged to him), to talk politics, and whatever the people pleased—he came with no other object than to see me, and to remind me that the six months had come to an end.

On the first day, and on the second, and on the third, there was no opportunity for private discourse between us, because there was no moment when so honoured a guest was left alone to follow his own course unattended; one gentleman after another being presented to his lordship, and continual amusements (whereof great men must become wearied) being provided for him. But still he followed me with eyes full of love, and still I trembled, thinking of what was to come, and how I should find the courage to say it.

The first day he explored, with a great company, the dismantled and ruinous chambers of the great castle, Mr. Hilyard going with the party in order to discourse upon the history and antiquities of the place, to describe its sieges, and to enlarge upon the greatness of the Forsters, so that some gentlemen present of equally good family wished that they, too, had in their own houses an Oxford scholar who could keep their accounts, rehearse, as if he were a great historian, the ancient glories of their line, and in the evening sing, and act, and play the buffoon for them to laugh. Truly a valuable servant, a Phoenix of stewards! Lord Derwentwater spoke in great admiration of this venerable pile, compared with which, he said, his own ruined castle of Langley was small and insignificant. He also made some very pertinent remarks about the decay of great families, and the passage of estates into the female line, and congratulated my father on the happy circumstances which still preserved this great monument for the original and parent stock, not knowing the truth, that the place belonged to none other than Lord Crewe.

In the evening there was a very splendid supper; not, truly, so fine as could be given at Dilston, but a banquet to simple gentlemen, and there was great havoc among the bottles, though as usual his lordship begged early to be excused, on the ground that though his heart was Northumbrian, his head was still French, and could not endure the generous potations of his friends. They would have been better pleased had he remained toasting and drinking with them, until all were laid on the floor together. In this manner, indeed, many of them proved the friendliness with which they regarded his lordship.

The next day a party was made up to go a-shooting among the wild birds of the Staples and the Farnes, though there is little sport where the birds are so plentiful and so tame that it is mere slaughter and butchery. That seems to me true sport when a pheasant is discerned among the bushes, and presently put up; or a covey of partridges rises among the turnips; or a fox is made to stake his swiftness and cunning against the swiftness of the hounds; but it is a poor thing indeed to stand upon a rock and shoot among a flying crowd of birds who have no fear of man.

On the morning of the fourth day, Lord Derwentwater rose early, and finding me already up and dressed surprised me by asking for a dish of chocolate. The habit of drinking chocolate in the morning, although it hath found great favour (surely it is a most delightful and wholesome beverage) among the ladies, is as yet little esteemed by the gentlemen of the North. To these last a tankard of small ale is considered better for the composing of the stomach and the satisfying of thirst.

"You shall have, my Lord," I said, "as fine a dish of chocolate as if you were at St. Germain's itself."

I begged him to wait a few minutes only, and ran quickly and called Jenny, my maid, to help me. Then, though my heart was beating, I made the chocolate with my own hands, strong, hot, and foaming, while Jenny spread a white cloth and laid the table in the garden under a walnut tree. When the chocolate was ready I found a new scone made of the finest meal, boiled two or three eggs, and spread all out, with cream and yellow butter from the dairy, and a dish of last year's honey.

"Your breakfast is ready, my Lord," I said, like a waiting maid. "But you must take it in the garden, where I have laid it for you."

He followed me, and protested that he had neither expected nor deserved so great an honour as to be served by Miss Dorothy.

"I am pleased," I said, "and honoured in doing so small a service for your Lordship, if you can eat eggs and honey and drink chocolate, instead of pressed beef and beer."

"It is the food of the gods," he replied, "or, at least, of Arcadian shepherds. Dorothy, was there ever, in Arcadia, such a shepherdess?"

One knows not what might have been said further had not Mr. Hilyard appeared abruptly, taking the early air in a morning gown, ragged and worn. He would have retired, seeing his Lordship, but I bade him stay.

"Here is another of our shepherds," I said. "But fie, Mr. Hilyard! Do shepherds in Arcadia wear ragged gowns when they rise in the morning to see great noblemen?"

"Mr. Hilyard will not allow any one to forget him," said his lordship, kindly. "He discourses learnedly by day on history and antiquity, and in the evening he displays the powers of the most accomplished mime. I thank you, sir, for your exertions in both capacities. Especially, let me say, for the former."

"My lord," said Mr. Hilyard, "I am like the nightingale. My pipe is kept for the evening. By day I am at the commands of Miss Dorothy."

"Then, sir, truly you ought to be the happiest of men."

"My lord," replied Mr. Hilyard, gravely, "I have the kindest and best of mistresses, who hath ever treated me with a consideration I should be the basest wretch not to feel and acknowledge. In this house there is not one who doth not daily pray for her happiness, and I, who am the most unworthy, pray the most continually."

So saying, he bowed low and left the garden, for which I thanked him in my heart, knowing why he did so; and yet trembled because I remembered my weakness at Dilston, and that I would need to keep careful watch over my words, to discipline my inclinations, and to submit myself and my will wholly to the authority of the Bishop.

Then were we left alone in the garden, whither in the early morning none ever came, except sometimes the gardener. The place was well fitted for our talk, being a bower surrounded on two sides by a hawthorn hedge, now all in blossom and at its sweetest, on the third side having an elderberry-tree, now preparing to flower, and looking upon the bowling green. Often in the warm evenings the gentlemen would take their tobacco after supper in this retreat.

"Will your lordship first eat your breakfast?" I said, when Mr. Hilyard left us. "I hope you will find the chocolate to your liking. Let me give you a little more cream; the eggs are new laid this morning; the air should sharpen your appetite—" talking fast, so that he might be tempted to go on eating, and forget for a moment what was in his mind. But he pushed the plate from him.

"Dorothy," he cried, "you think that I can eat when I have found at last an opportunity to speak with you? For what reason, think you, did I come here? Was it to shoot birds on this island? Was it to drink the Prince's health?"

"Alas! my lord, can you not refrain for a little while? Oh! let me be happy for a short half hour in serving you. Let me talk of other things—of Dilston. Is your brother, Mr. Frank, well and cheerful? Is Mr. Charles still in good spirits? How is the good Mr. Howard?"

"No, Dorothy, I cannot refrain. I must tell you—because I came here to tell you—that I love you more and more. I think upon your image by day and by night. Six months of meditation have made me only more thy slave. My dear, give me life, or bid me go away and die."

Now, Heaven guard the religion of a poor weak woman!

Then, while he fell upon his knee and kissed my hand as he had done at Dilston, the same strange weakness fell upon me, like a swoon or fainting fit; my knees trembled as I stood; my heart began to beat fast, my eyes swam, and I said nothing. Oh! so overwhelming and so strong is this passion in man that it carries away a woman, too, like a straw in a current. And all this while his voice fell upon my ear like music.

"Oh! Dorothy, Dorothy, there is nowhere in this world so divine a face; there are no blue eyes like thine, my dear; there is no voice so sweet as thine; there are no such soft brown curls, no cheeks so red and white, no lips so rosy. Oh! my dear, if I was in love with thee at Christmas, I am ten times more in love at Midsummer."

Again I felt the pang, but now with tenfold agony, of the Bishop's injunction—ah! why is virtue always so harsh? Again was I tempted, so that if he had, in a way, forced me—if he had only taken me in his arms and sworn never to let me go till I promised to be of his religion, I must most certainly have yielded. He did not—sinner that I am! I have never ceased to be sorry that he did not: therefore religion triumphed, and I remain a Protestant to this hour. Yet at that moment I would have thrown all away—yes, all—obedience to my Bishop, to my aunt, the faith in which I had been educated, all to go away with this man and cleave unto him. Never again, never again can I be so tempted; never again could there happen to me temptation like unto this. Kind Heaven will not suffer it more than once in a lifetime.

"Oh! rise, my Lord," I cried at last. "At least let us talk together reasonably. I am not a goddess; I am a poor weak woman, ignorant and rustic; I am not worthy of your regard. Leave me to my own people."

He obeyed and rose, but his eyes were wild and his cheek flushed. He walked to and fro for a space, swinging his arms, until he grew composed. Then he came back to me and tried to talk soberly.

He spoke, as he always did, with the greatest modesty about himself; he was fully aware, he said, that an education in France, although it had not made him a Frenchman, very much separated him from his countrymen, so that, on his return, he found the customs strange to him, and the language, though he spoke English from the cradle, difficult. "Moreover," he said, "I know that my manners are not yours. I have not the frank cordiality of your brother, or the boisterous jollity of his friends; I cannot drink with them; I am not accustomed to their noisy fox-hunting, otter-hunting, badger-baiting; it is strange to me when a gentleman takes a quarterstaff and belabours and is belaboured for half-an-hour together with a rustic; in my very dress I lack the simplicity which distinguishes them"—here I could not choose but smile, because it was a kind of nature in the Earl to dress finely, and if fine clothes are not made for such as Lord Derwentwater, for whom should they be made?

"Again, I know not rightly how to treat my people: in France they are not considered; they make the roads, plough the land, find the soldiers, pay the taxes; but they are not regarded; a French noble is like a creature of another race, to whom the lower race is born subject. I hear of the English freedom and independence. Yet when I come home I am received with ten times the welcome and respect which the French *cavaliere* use towards their betters. Here they do not hate the *noblesse*; on the contrary, they love them. Why, in France a noble thinks little of kicking, beating, and cuffing any man of the lower orders, even if he be a scholar or a poet. Here, gentle or simple, if you strike a man he will strike in return, with the law at his back and no Bastille to fear. So great a thing is liberty! And so hard it is for a gentleman to know how rightly to treat his people! Their friend I would fain be; their equal I cannot be; their oppressor I might be, yet would rather die. How to deserve their love and to retain their respect? Dorothy, let it be your task to teach me!"

"Alas! my Lord, there are many better teachers than myself."

"Nay; I have been walking in the village with Mr. Hilyard, and speaking with the people. Everywhere it is the same story: the goodness of Miss Dorothy; how kind she is to the poor; of what an open hand and tender heart! There are more poor on the Radcliffe estates than at Bamborough; come to them and be their guardian angel!"

I replied, but with trembling voice, that an angel I could never be, and as for going to Dilston, that was impossible, and I must, alas! still remain at the Manor House.

"There is so great a difference," he went on, "between the people of France and of England. Here they dance not on a Sunday, nor is there any playing of the pipe; they do not laugh and sing greatly, yet they are better fed and better dressed, and are truly more happy; they seem sad at first, but they are not sad; sometimes they seem surly, yet they may be trusted. Teach me, Dorothy, better to know this brave folk of Northumberland."

"Oh! my lord," I replied, "you are learning every day; you will understand them soon, far better than I could teach you."

For a reason which you will presently hear, he did not learn to understand them, and with all his virtues never became quite a Northumbrian.

"And I am separated from the rest, though there are many Catholics in this country, by our religion. This one does not understand in a Catholic country, where the hatred of the faith by Protestants is not comprehended. Men such as myself, who would fain know the true temper of the people, are open to great danger of deceit. Already I perceive that many things currently reported

at St. Germain's were false. In the business of his Highness, we are dependent on our messengers, who may have their own purposes to serve, and may see with eyes of exaggeration." He stopped and sighed. "For all these reasons, Dorothy, take pity on me."

"My lord, if pity be of any use, from my very heart would I give you that pity."

"If you give it, show it, Dorothy; give me, as well, your hand." I made no answer. It was too much for me to bear, that he, so noble and so good, should sue thus humbly for so small a thing.

"Let me see with those sweet English eyes," he said. "Let me be taught by that voice, which is all the music I care to hear."

"Oh! my lord, it cannot be. Nay, do not force a poor girl against her conscience. First—I am a simple gentlewoman, and know not the manners of the Court. What would her ladyship, your mother, say of such a match?"

"It needs not," he answered, "to consider my mother's objections, if she have any. She is now with her third husband, and has no longer any right to be consulted. That is not your reason, Dorothy."

Like all women, I played round the point as if I would escape it.

"Next, my lord, you want one who in manner and appearance would adorn the high place to which you will raise your Countess."

Here, indeed, he vehemently protested that there never had been, and never would be, one more beautiful, more gracious, more worthy of the highest rank than the fair Dorothy.

"And yet," he said, "these are not your reasons. Why, for your sake would I give up rank and dignities, with all my possessions, happy, with you, if I had to go to the plantations of Virginia, or the savage wilds of New England."

"No, my lord; those are not my reasons. Alas! I have but one reason. Father Howard instructed me six months ago what that reason would be."

"Dorothy, have you not listened to his arguments?"

"Indeed, my lord, I have read them all, and with a heart willing to be convinced, Heaven knows. Why, what should I have to reply when a scholar tells me this and that? How can a poor woman do more than obey authority, and trust in the Lord? Yet just as your own Honour keeps you to the Faith in which you were trained, so does mine forbid me to leave my own save by permission and authority of those who are my natural pastors and masters. For if I did, I believe I should have no more, as long as I live, any rest or comfort in my conscience."

He made no reply at first to this. "It is your Honour, my lord, as you have yourself told me. Would it be to my Honour if I, being too ignorant to decide on these grave questions, were to abandon the faith of my people, presumptuously give them the lie, and assure so great a scholar as the Lord Bishop of Durham that he is wrong? Can I do this thing, my lord, even for your sake?"

"Is this, then," he asked, sadly, "the only thing which stands between us? Good God! That we should part because priests cannot agree!"

"Yes," I said. "There is nothing else, believe me. Can your Lordship think that I am insensible to the offer of so much nobleness—so far greater than any merit of mine? But yet it is an obstacle which cannot be overcome."

"Nay; but for my sake, Dorothy, listen to Mr. Howard. He will place before you, so plainly that there shall be no manner of doubt possible, reasons which shall compel you, without thinking of me at all, to come into the true Church. I would have no pretended convert. I do not ask you to listen to any arguments of mine; for, indeed, I am not a Doctor of Divinity: I know not how to defend the Church. There are others who pray daily at the altar for thy conversion. When I came from Dilston, my aunt, whose heart you have won—I mean the Lady Mary—whispered to me, 'Bring her back with you. Mr. Howard is ready to resolve her doubts, and I will pray for her.'"

I shook my head. There was more than a Mass between us. If it had been only a Mass, Mr. Howard might easily have removed all scruples with ease, because Love would have gone before to clear the way. There was, besides, the tall and venerable form of the Lord Bishop. He seemed at this moment to stand before me, upright as a dart, warning me with a frown, which made me tremble, not to sell my conscience for a wedding ring.

"Shall we say," Lord Derwentwater went on, "that your learning and reason are more than a match for Mr. Howard and all the Church? If it be so, then come and convert him and all of us. Only come and listen to him."

"Oh! I must not," I replied. "My Lord, I have my own people to consider, as well as my own conscience. I doubt not—I am a very weak woman—that the reasons of Mr. Howard, and the prayers of Lady Mary, and my own inclination would speedily effect the conversion which you desire. Yet I am strictly admonished by the Bishop, Lord Crewe, that I already belong to a Church with authority, and that it is the Church of my father and mother."

"Dorothy! It is for love. By Heaven, if you love me as I love you, no priest, be he Bishop or not, shall stand between us. Keep your own religion then, my dear; worship how you please. It must surely be a true religion which such an angel would profess. Go to your own church; have your own priest—I will never interfere. Only suffer me to have mine."

Then, indeed, was I for a moment overwhelmed, and felt as if, after all my doubts, heaven itself were opening to me. Each to keep his own religion! Why, what could be a happier settlement? And love to remain! Ah, happy ending!

Yet I know now full well, that had I yielded, there would have been worse trouble before me, and the misery of being torn from my lover's arms when I thought myself folded securely there for ever. No one, on either side, would have allowed the marriage; either I must be received into the Catholic religion, which the Bishop and Lady Crewe, to say nothing of my father and Tom, would never permit; or Lord Derwentwater must come over to the Protestants—a thing which his people would, with all their powers, oppose.

I was saved by timely (nay, Providential) reason. I thought of the dismal condition of parents who agree not in religion, and would each fain bring up the children in different ways, which must be intolerable to a mother; and of the dreadful thing to live with a man whom you fondly love, but whose soul and ultimate fate make you tremble continually; and to see your innocent children torn from the true Fold, and brought up in the way of superstition and error. All this I thought upon, quickly, and without time to give it words, and then I strengthened my courage (though heart beat and lips were dry and hands trembled and knees were sinking), and begged my Lord, humbly, to go away and leave me, because I could bear the vehemence of his pleadings no longer. But (I added) I should never—no, not if my days were prolonged far beyond the earthly span—never forget the honour he had done me, and would pray for him night and morning, that he might obtain a wife worthy of him, and children brave and strong, with a long and happy life, and all the best and most precious gifts—yea, and more—that the Lord hath ever vouchsafed to man. Then, being an honourable gentleman, although so torn and distracted by his passion, he desisted, doing and saying no more than to stoop and kiss me upon my forehead, with a "Farewell, sweet Dorothy. Now must I go. Whither, and what to do, I know not, and care no longer." So I was left alone, and, sitting down, could weep and cry to my heart's content.



some fourteen personages of regal dignity. The Prince looked fatigued and sorrow-stricken.

#### ORDER OF THE PROCESSION

Servants of his late Royal Highness.  
 Servants of the Queen who have been in attendance on his late Royal Highness.  
 Gentlemen of the Household of his late Royal Highness.  
 Mr. A. Royle, Hon. A. G. Yorke.  
 Major-General Charles T. Du Plat, Equerry in Waiting to the Queen, who accompanied the Remains from Cannes, and Major-General Sir John McNeill, K.C.B., V.C., Equerry to the Queen. The representatives of Royal personages not present :—  
 His Excellency Baron Mohrenheim (their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia).  
 The Count Piper (their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway).  
 The Count Perponcher (their Majesties the German Emperor and Empress, King and Queen of Prussia).  
 Admiral J. H. van Capellan (His Majesty the King of the Netherlands).  
 His Excellency Count Schimmelpenninck van Nienhuis (Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands).  
 The Count D'Oultremont (His Majesty the King of the Belgians).  
 Admiral Hedemann (His Majesty the King of Denmark).  
 M. Alex. Menges (His Highness the Prince of Bulgaria).  
 His Excellency M. D'Antas (their Majesties the King and Queen of Portugal).  
 The Equeries in Waiting.  
 The Groom in Waiting      The Lord in Waiting.  
 Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B., Comptroller of the Household of his late Royal Highness, bearing the Coronet of his late Royal Highness.  
 Major Stainier Waller, K.E., Equerry to his late Royal Highness, bearing the Insignia of his late Royal Highness.  
 The Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department  
 The Vice-Chamberlain      The Comptroller of the Household      The Treasurer of the Household  
 The Lord Chamberlain      The Lord Steward.  
 SUPPORTERS OF THE PALL.      SUPPORTERS OF THE PALL.  
 Lord Brooke.      Viscount Castlereagh.  
 Hon. Sydney Herbert.      Lord Harris.  
 Mr. Walter Campbell.      Hon. H. Bourke.  
 Mr. Raglan Somerset.      Mr. Algernon Mills.  
 Borne by Men of the Seaforth Highlanders.  
 Garter King of Arms.  
**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE CHIEF MOURNER,**  
 Supported by His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince of Germany and His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse.  
 His Royal Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G.  
 His Serene Highness the Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, G.C.B.  
 His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.  
 His Royal Highness the Prince Albert Victor of Wales, K.G.  
 His Highness the Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein.  
 His Serene Highness the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, K.C.B.  
 His Serene Highness the Prince Louis of Battenberg.  
 His Highness the Prince Francis of Teck.  
 His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Sing, G.C.S.I.  
 The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.  
 His Royal Highness the Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha.  
 His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont.  
 And the Attendants on the Royal Personages.

The marshalled throng entered the chapel by the west door, which is only thrown open upon State occasions. It was met at the threshold by the clergy and choir, who took their places next to the coronet. Then the booming of the minute-gun, which had throbbed slowly through the Funeral March, ceased, as did the music.

Then was heard the voice of the Dean of Windsor reading the sentences. The Queen had desired that the words of this incomparable ritual should be read, not intoned, and admirably were they read by Dean Davidson. Soft music from the organ followed, during which Her Majesty was conducted to her chair by the Lord Chamberlain. With the Queen was the Princess of Wales, the Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Princess Frederica of Hanover.

When the Queen was seated, Lord Kenmare, with his white wand of office, approached Her Majesty, and bowing low, handed her the black-edged order of the ceremonial. Still the organ played, till the Seaforth Highlanders had placed their burden on the catafalque, and had filed off to the word of command. Then the coronet and insignia were placed on the coffin, at the head of which stood the Prince of Wales, near him being grouped the other Royal personages and attendants. The Dean stood at the head of the altar steps, with the Canons on either side. The Archbishop and Bishops who were present took no part in the ceremony except as worshippers, as they were not in attendance canonically. The Queen stood up while the procession was passing, but sat during the rest of the service.

When the detachment of Highlanders had filed off, the Dean, advancing to the front of the altar, began to read the Burial Service, the Canons and Minor Canons still standing on either side. The choir sang the first hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," in unison, to the tune of St. Ann's. The first part of the Burial Service having been read, and the anthem by Spohr, "Blest are the Departed," sung, the coffin was lowered into the vault, leaving the wide Union Jack so spread, carpet fashion, as to hide for a time the black-draped chasm. Nor, indeed, was the space into which the coffin was sunk as yet left vacant. While the Queen remained, the top, concealed by its drapery, still remained an inch or two above the level of the floor.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Walter Campbell, one of the pall-bearers, and the most intimate friend of the Duke of Albany, to cast a handful of earth on the departing coffin. As the words,

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were impressively uttered, the rattling of the earth and stones against the sides of the coffin, half lowered to its resting-place, were plainly heard. But the effort of devotion proved too much for the young man, and he fairly broke down, covering his streaming eyes with his handkerchief, and perfectly prostrated with grief.

The work of lowering the remains was completed after Her Majesty had retired. Then the pall was removed, and the coffin was seen in the deep black-sided vault. The coffin of Prince Leopold completes a row of enclosed remains, the next being that of the King of Hanover, and then the body of Princess Frederica, his daughter. (A full description of the vault will be found on page 344). After the singing of the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," the Queen retired from the Chapel by the exit near the Albert Memorial Chapel, accompanied by the Princesses.

Garter King of Arms then proclaimed the style and titles of the late Duke, in these terms :—"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his Divine Mercy the late most high, most mighty, and illustrious Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence, and Baron Arklow, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Knight of the ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle, Knight Grand Commander of the most exalted order of the Star of India, and Knight Grand Cross of the most distinguished order of Saint Michael and Saint George, fourth and youngest son of Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, and of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. May God bless and preserve Her Majesty with long life, health, and honour." Thus ran the quaint heraldic phraseology, as printed in the order of ceremonial. But it may be observed that one or two trifling deviations occurred in the verbal delivery by Sir Albert Woods. In particular the word "honour," which ends the proclamation with a prayer, was changed into "happiness." There was warrant for the modification. Of honour, it may be said that Queen Victoria is, humanly speaking, sure. Of happiness she had learned to think with fear and trembling.

So ended the ceremony of a beloved young Prince's funeral. Afterwards, luncheon was served in the Waterloo Gallery to the invited mourners, who at twenty-five minutes past two returned by special Great Western train to London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the German Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the other members of the Royal Family lunched with the Queen. The Duke of Albany will be remembered with respect by all who have had intercourse with him; with affection by all who were honoured by his intimacy. Among his virtues may be reckoned an earnest wish to brighten the lives and homes of the poor; to infuse cheerfulness into an existence habitually dreary, if not grim :

To crown the poorest feast, in darkest times,  
 With roses red.

#### PUBLIC SYMPATHY IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

EVIDENCES of respect to the Royal Family and of sympathy for their great sorrow were not confined to any special portion of the Metropolis on Saturday last, although at the West End there was undoubtedly the greatest display of the outward emblems of mourning. In that quarter shops were shut, blinds were drawn down, church bells tolled, and nine out of ten people met in the streets wore some token of mourning. In the City, too, to all appearance, banks, insurance offices, and large mercantile firms had closed their business before the normal half-holiday hour. On the great public buildings, the Tower of London, Somerset House, the Custom House, the Admiralty, and the Horse Guards, the Union Jack floated half-mast, and the same token of sorrow was visible on the churches. Flags were also at half-mast on the fleet of steamers in "the Pool" below bridge, and over a large number of hotels, clubs, and private establishments. When news arrived that the funeral was over, the flags, in accordance with ancient usage, were run up to the masthead. At the drivers of the General Omnibus Company's vehicles had their whips trimmed with a bow of black crape, and a good many cabmen showed a similar mark of respect for the deceased Prince. From the battlements of the Tower of London minute guns, sixty in number, were fired from noon till 1 P.M., and this was also done in St. James's Park. In the evening, by order of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, the Ancient Society of College Youths rang a muffled peal of the bells of St. Paul's. At the various military guards and barracks emblems of mourning were displayed. Canon Rowsell referred to the deceased Prince in a discourse which followed the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey. At several of the Jewish Synagogues the preachers of the day made touching reference to the same subject. The public at large joined in the general mourning, and women especially dressed in black. The National Portrait Gallery, the Stock Exchange, and nearly all the theatres were closed.

In many of the provincial towns shops were partially or wholly shut, flags were flown at half-mast, and bells tolled, while at the Cathedrals of York and Canterbury special services were celebrated.

#### PUBLIC SYMPATHY ABROAD

At a public meeting of about 300 English residents and visitors held at Cannes, it was resolved to send addresses of condolence to the Queen and the Duchess of Albany. Business at Calcutta was suspended, and all the courts of justice and public offices throughout Bengal were closed. The news of the Duke's death evoked a general expression of sorrow throughout South Africa. At Gibraltar the shops were shut, flags lowered, and minute guns fired. Sixty minute guns were fired at Cairo; and a similar tribute of respect was paid by the men-of-war stationed at Suakim.

NOTE.—Our thanks are due to the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and to Mr. Walter Parratt, the organist of St. George's Chapel, for their courteous treatment of our artists.—The engravings of the Duke of Albany's Study and Bedroom in the Villa Nevada are from photographs by De Bray, Cannes; that of the Mortuary Chamber on the *Ostorne* from a photograph by West and Co., Gosport.

#### THE BASSI-RELIEVI ON THE NATIONAL ALBERT MEMORIAL

ALL day long, in most weathers, people are walking round and round the podium of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, examining the bassi-relievi upon it.

The erection of this monument has afforded the present generation the exceptional chance of seeing marbles, mosaics, precious stones, and gildings in the sparkling condition in which they are left by the artists whose thoughts they represent. The rain, to be sure, has rained down upon the superb combination, and fogs have temporarily enshrouded it, but Time has scarcely glanced at it yet. It has not waned. All is scintillatingly bright—captivatingly brilliant. Upon the wide outspreading base, the four groups of sculpture—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—still sparkle in the sun like snow; the high central canopy over the golden figure of the good Prince still gleams as with the flash of jewels, and the surmounting finial seems to flicker as with fire. All the departed great could not be represented here. Let us see, then, whom the sculptors have delighted to honour.

Here is Peter Vischer, the smith, with his leathern apron tied about him, looking as though he was even yet engaged upon the wondrous shrine in St. Sebald's Church, which is still one of the glories of quaint old Nuremberg. He had neither rank nor riches. But the plain work he found ready to his hand he did in a supreme and mighty manner. Over his shoulder we may see Bandinelli, Gian di Bologna, and the fierce Torrigiano, and, beyond them, their great rival, Michael Angelo.

Other painters have shown us more radiant angels, sweeter women, and lovelier babes, but none have depicted for us such august forms as those with which Michael Angelo peopled the heavens and the earth in his works. Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that to kiss the hem of his garment would be glory enough for an ambitious man. All, too, must admire the indomitable industry which brought his undertakings to successful issues. Leonardo da Vinci is here, too. He competed with Michael Angelo in his lifetime, and it is fit he should be by his side here. Hallam reports him to be the miracle of the age of miracles in which he lived. His clever head was always full of plans to pierce mountains with tunnels, to cut canals, to enlarge ports, to deepen havens, to construct portable bridges, water-mills, and felling machines; and besides his well-known treatise on painting, he wrote others on hydraulics, anatomy, perspective, light and shade, and architecture. Moreover, he was the most tuneful musician at the Court of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan. He could take up his lute and sing verses to it, strung together as he sang, to suit the occasion, without preparation. "I can do what can be done as well as any man, be he who he may," he wrote, sure of himself, to the Duke of Milan, when he was thirty years of age.

Enthroned as another centre, on another side, is the prince of painters, Raphael. Fifty painters formed themselves into an escort to attend him when he went to the Papal Court, and the general esteem thus expressed has never diminished. In 1871, we are told, the Empress of Russia bought one of his pictures, entitled the "Madonna del Bambino," for 330,000 francs, as a present for the Emperor. The Perugians—it was in a Gallery in Perugia—mourned its departure as that of a dear friend. After it had been packed for its journey it was unpacked, in a room of the Ministry of Public Instruction, that members of the Government might take one more look at the pearl, *perla dell' Urbinate*; but neither the Ministry nor the Municipality could purchase it, and the Perugians were obliged to allow the Empress to possess it.

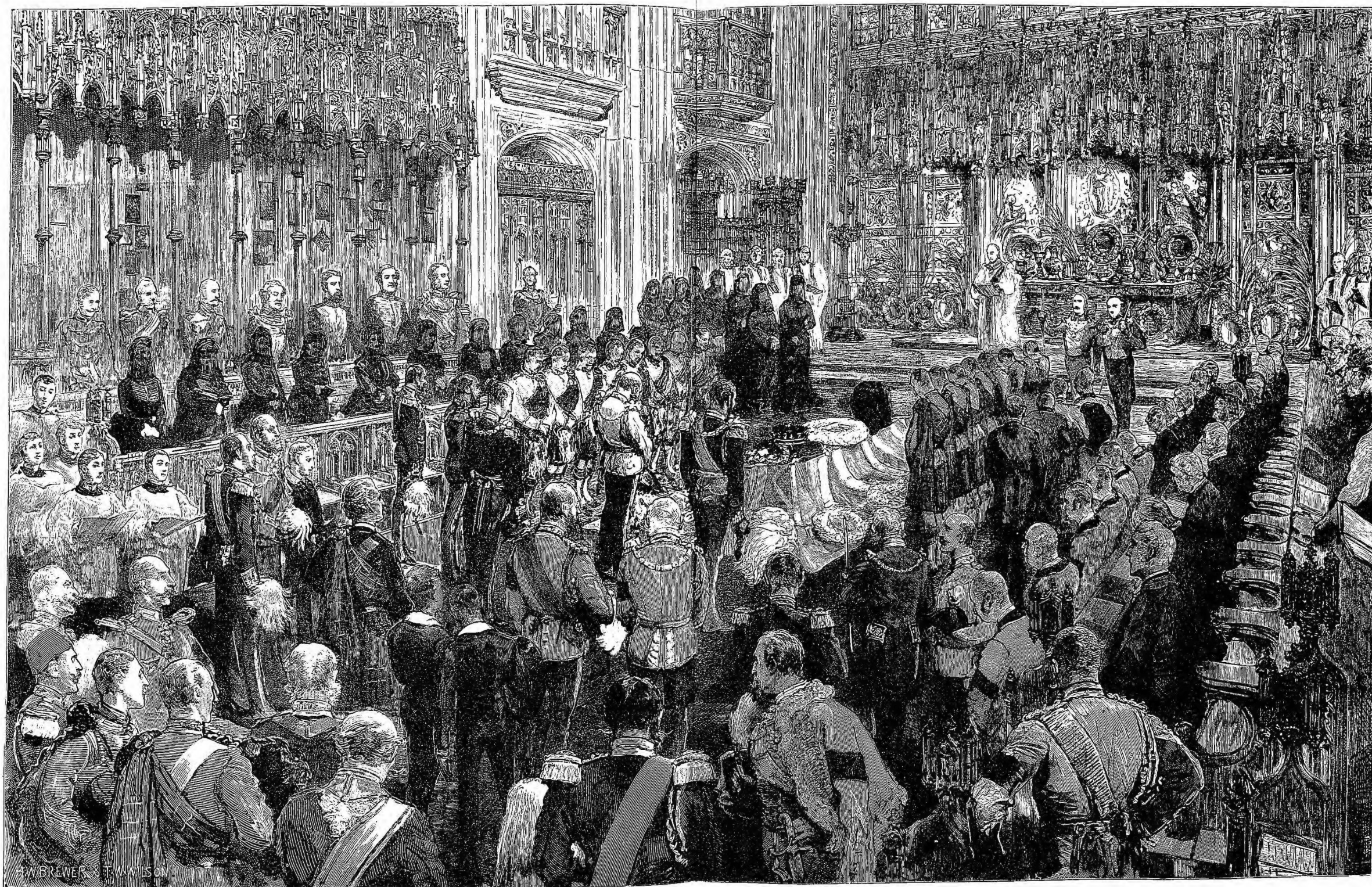
Here, too, is Titian, the Titiano who merited to be served by Caesar. When Algernon, the fourth Duke of Northumberland, resolved to decorate the State chambers in the towers of Alnwick Castle in the same manner as those in the Cinque-Cento palaces of the great Italian nobles, he engaged very accomplished Italian artists, mentioned by Cardinal Antonelli as the most gifted in Italy, who proceeded to make the Percys' stronghold sumptuous with carvings in choice woods, paintings, sculpture, and mosaic work. One of them directed a school of English and Scottish carvers, and years of labour were lavished upon the ceilings and delicately-worked doors and window-shutters. Great cases arrived from Italy, time after time, with marble chimney-pieces having life-sized figures upholding the mantel-slabs, and other work perfected in Rome. And when all was finished, and resplendent with the brightness of colour and gold, and the lustre of marble, and the splendid ceilings gleamed like summer sunsets, and all the walls between the deep friezes and the high dados were hung with satin damask, and all the floors were spread with Oriental carpets, and great mirrors and superb cabinets, tables, couches, and chairs were disposed in each chamber, all in one rich accord, then a landscape by Titian was placed in the principal chamber, as the utmost finish of enrichment.

Here is another familiar worker whose name will endure for ever—Hiram—capped, with long curled beard, and formally-folded and fringed garments. Close by are Mesikles, Chersiphon, and M. Rhœcus. Sennacherib, with his beard arranged in long rows of curls, Assyrian fashion, is near Nicotris, and Cheops is distinguished by a tortoise headdress. Near them are the Greek sculptors, whose simple and severe drapery contrasts effectively with the fringes and snake ornaments of their Egyptian neighbours on the one hand, and with the laces, rosettes, and frills of their French and Italian contemporaries on the other. Bernini, with his coat thrown open to show his loose shirt, his handsome lace collar, his knickerbockers, and rosettes appears, in every particular, to answer to the name the Neapolitans gave him, *Il Cavalier*. Puget, Grinling Gibbons, Bird, Bushnell, and Koubillac are represented here. Virgil is balanced with Milton, both leaning on a pedestal. Chaucer supports his chin with his hand, meditating, as though following the fortunes of his Canterbury Pilgrims in his richly-stored mind. Goethe is every inch a modern, as is Rossini. Bach, Haydn, and Handel are presented in their wigs. Hogarth is drawing on his thumb-nail, as was his wont. Van Eyck, with a jewelled belt and furred collar, has one hand on the furred cape of Albert Durer. It is three hundred and fifty years ago since Albert Durer lived in the Thier-Gartner-Thor, in Nuremberg, adding constantly to the number of his marvellous engravings, and filling his house gradually with works of Art and curiosity; yet no one is tired of the presentment of his pleasant countenance, or of hearing his bright soft-sounding name. Near Poussin is Velasquez, with long hair, turned-up moustache, and rosettes in his shoes, as pictorial as the magnificent forms he placed on canvas. Delorme faces us. Sansovino is here. He was accredited with having done the Venetian State so much service that he was exempted from the payment of a tax imposed upon everybody else but Titian. Peruzzi, Sangallo, Bramante, Alberti, and Brunelleschi follow. The gentle Giotto leans over Arnolfo di Lapo. Erwin von Steinbach, Jehan de Chelles, Robert de Coucy, and William the Englishman, lead us to William of Sens, the architect of Canterbury Cathedral; and to other celebrities. The power with which these bassi-relievi have been executed, the variety in the attitudes, and the faithful research shown in the costumes, entitle them to all the admiration they receive.

S. W.

AN EXHIBITION IN BOMBAY, to be followed up by a similar display in Madras, has been proposed by M. Joubert, now that the Calcutta Exhibition is over; but his offer has been declined by the Bombay Committee. It is thought, however, that an Exhibition might be organised by a proper Official Committee in about two or three years hence.





THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, APRIL 8



## MAGAZINES (continued from page 354)

To this month's *Macmillan* Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes a powerful and readable paper on "Historic London." Mr. Harrison is more sensitive to the historic import of a great deal than is contained in this metropolis of ours than might be expected from the head of a new politico-religious faith, and what he writes will well repay perusal.—"The Renegade" is brought to a somewhat unsatisfactory termination.—Perhaps the best reading in the magazine is the "The Review of the Month," which explains as well as emphasises the Radical discontent with the Soudanese policy (or impolicy) of the Government.

*Harper's*, of course, is good, but Mr. Kegan Paul's essay on "Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," is especially noteworthy. The publisher of the present Lord Lytton's Life of his father gives, at the request of the Editor of *Harper's* Magazine, an appreciative sketch of the great novelist, dramatist, and politician. It is interesting to learn that "Harold" was written in a month, and "The Lady of Lyons" in ten days.—"The Hohenzollerns," by Mr. Herbert Tattle, is an instructive article; but then there is a suspicion that it might have been worked up out of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great."

In the *Century* there is not only a portrait, but a well-written paper on "Sidney Lanier."—The article on "The White House" will perhaps be most interesting to English readers. That historical building, it would seem, is losing its character as a Presidential residence, and becoming a mere public office, in which place-hunters congregate.—"Arnold on Emerson and Carlyle," by Mr. John Burroughs, is a chastely indignant criticism of Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent lecture. From the article we gather that Mr. Arnold is inclined to make an idol of style as distinct from the matter in it. As is usually the case, for these and other papers the *Century* deserves praise.

The two best articles in *Temple Bar* are "Preachers of the Day" and "Madame Tallien."—"Preachers of the Day" is a pleasant and intelligent expression of opinion on the leading metropolitan pulpit orators; while "Madame Tallien" is a kindly written historical sketch of that strange lady of the Revolution, who became Princesse de Chimay.

As to *Longman's*, Mr. Clark Russell's story goes on; and there is a very good half-humorous, half-pathetic tale, by Mr. Julian Sturgis, entitled "The Mad Parson."—"A New Theory of Sun Spots," by Mr. R. A. Proctor, is also noticeable.

In the *North American Review* Messrs. Dingley and Cadman write intelligently on "The Decline of American Shipping," recommending a more liberal system of mail subsidies to the United States Government.—Judge J. A. Jameson again has suggestions with a view to the coming Age of Ice in "Shall Our Civilisation be Preserved?" He would advocate the deposit on mountain-tops, or upon "the inner walls of pyramids," of records that might instruct the races who may survive the coming deluge of cold and barbarism.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is well up to its original promise. "Changes at Charing Cross," by Mr. Austin Dobson, despite all that is being written about historic London, is far from dull, and the same may be said of "An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—To many readers, however, the most telling paper will be that by Mr. Archibald Forbes, "How I Became a War Correspondent." Mr. Forbes's disappointment at the *Times* and his trouble with the *Daily News*, at least in the beginning, will be appreciated by folk who concern themselves with letters. "I was striding up Bouverie Street, fiercely fuming behind my beard, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and simultaneously I heard a voice, 'Don't be a fool! I was going to say that I want you to start for Metz to-night!'" And so Mr. Forbes became a war correspondent.

The "Giant's Robe" still runs its course in *Cornhill*, but it may be doubted whether the interest of Mr. Anstey's story is not evaporating. His main idea is known, and as to the future of the characters of the story the least ingenious reader might predicate what will probably happen. This is a defect in all this author's work. The initial idea is clever, but that known, there is less left than might be desired. "Tozer's" is a very humorous story of life in a private school, which, although in form of fiction, is evidently drawn from experience.

*Chambers' Journal* maintains its place in the department of periodical literature it has chosen for itself. "Birds of Spring," by Mr. Richard Jefferies, has all the merit that belongs to grace of style, to power of observation, and to seasonableness.—"Curiosities of the Electric Light" is at the same time instructive and interesting, and characteristic of the magazine.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has no special feature that calls for notice unless it be "The Red Sunsets," by N. S. Shaler, which seems to show conclusively that the Javanese volcanic eruptions are answerable for the atmospheric phenomena which disturbed many good and bad people during the past winter.

All the *Year Round* contains its usual amount of serial matter. Of other papers perhaps the most profitable is "In a Government Office." The author, while largely admitting the charge of idleness against Government clerks, puts in a powerful plea on the ground that the Civil Service system has a tendency to remove serviceable men just when they are becoming useful in their particular rank in the service, but mainly—and here we read between the lines—because discipline is loose.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* "Presidential Nominations," among other things, is worth reading, as it tends to throw a light on the working of political organisations in the United States. If the writer is to be trusted, and he is borne out by others, America is practically deprived of the services of its best men—at any rate at the head of affairs.

We have also received the *Link* and the *Antiquarian*; the former has a great deal in it that will be interesting to "The Psychical Society"; as well as an appreciative paper on "Mr. John Morley"; while the latter, besides much more exclusively interesting to antiquarians, opens with an article that promises well on "Forecastings of Nostradamus."

"Wanted a Wife" in this month's *Time* is a smartly-written short story. Mr. Montgomerie Rankin has a poem, "Helen of Dunmerrau," full of power and pathos; while the Latin verses, "Lotophagi," after Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters," will repay perusal.

## OBSOLETE HEROINES

ARE there not unmistakable signs that the novel of the future will as little resemble the novel of the past as *Sophy Western* resembles *Dorothy Brooke*? The heroine so delightful to our novel-reading forefathers is, indeed, fast becoming obsolete. Not only are external characteristics separating her more and more from the maiden whom fiction has hitherto delighted to honour, but the very material from which her character is formed is of more variegated and durable stuff. A girl's horizon is no longer bounded by the narrow limits of home or domestic duty. Wranglerships, medical diplomas, and public life lie wholly outside the influences we would fain indicate; although indirectly, ambitious careers and the growing sense of onerous civic responsibilities must tell, of course, upon the formation of every thoughtful girl's character. What seems clear is, that quite irrespective of the wider and deeper interests of life, in our day becoming the portion of every woman, independent also of the social and intellectual advances being made by the sex, a gradual transformation is taking place with regard to the ideal

of life formed by our daughters for themselves, and also the ideal we are beginning to form for them. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? The most traditional-minded parents going, the worthy people who stick by the so-called landed interests, and all the rest of it, do not relish the notion of their girls being behind the times, in other words, "looked down upon." They in their own minds, perhaps, believe in "finishing schools" as firmly as ever. But they find the thing won't do. Their own especial Edith or Ethel may be as pretty and charming as any in the kingdom; but both parents and pretty daughters have discovered that something more is required of a woman nowadays than an attractive appearance, a smattering of knowledge and bad music. An intelligent girl, too, no matter how inadequately brought up, is insensibly influenced by the more serious way in which life is taken among friends and neighbours. The fact dawns upon her mind that existence means something more than a flirtation and ultimate orange blossoms. She has obtained, in some occult way, the kind of education, fragmentary though it be, which more than anything else makes every one of us what we are. Learning may be as not fallen to her portion, nor the prize of an interesting social position. The great movements of the modern world are far away from the sphere in which she lives. Yet signs reach her of all that is going on outside her own poor little life to make her, if not discontented and out of heart with it, at least passionately eager to widen it and lift it higher. A hundred circumstances are imperceptibly educating her. The chief lady of the place, who does not disdain to offer herself as member of the School Board or guardian of the poor; the chance meeting with some girl graduate fresh from the animating life of Girton or Newnham; a local meeting got up by women on behalf of some public movement; the higher moral, more public-spirited, tone of the public journals—all these things afford matter for thought, and take the dreaming mind of a sentimental girl into the world of actualities. She is naturally led, moreover, to compare the real life visible to her eyes with the prettier, but less substantial, existence depicted by novelists; so that very gradually, yet by inevitable degrees, she not only rebels at the unreal portrait once found so true and so delightful, but, at the same time, becomes in her own person a wholly different type from the woman whom novelists have glorified for so many generations.

Thus not only does the paragon, but the ordinary specimens of womankind, leave far behind them the ideals of former story-tellers and readers. Alike the stereotyped heroine of romances and the model heroine who plays her part on the stage of actual life are becoming obsolete and out-of-date dreams. The stock-in-trade of novelists and the flimsy romance of maidens have no longer their *raison d'être*. The homage accorded to the *Sophy Westerns* would be odious to a girl of the present day, and most certainly sensible men are getting heartily tired of the *Sophy Westerns*. For their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of those to come, men seek spirit, strength, and understanding in the companions of their lives. The "women who scream," the women addicted to tight-lacing and other frivolities, the weak, clinging creatures of a former day, are being crowded out. A higher, nobler ideal of marriage is taking the place of the state of things portrayed more especially by women novelists—smiles, servility, sweetness to inanity on the one side, on the other a godlike superiority, and never-swerving, superhuman goodness and wisdom.

All this must change in fiction as it is changing in life, and much more also. The education which puts both sexes on the same intellectual footing will do away alike with the preposterous wooing and the still more preposterous ideals of conjugal life to which novelists have accustomed us. A girl like Lily Dale, who wakes up to feel life a burden on the marriage morning of the prig by whom she has been jilted, will become a survival. The Rachel Castlewoods, who have figured as all that is sweet and delightful in womankind, will be regarded as poor creatures, and far from creditable to their sex. To sum up, we shall find in the novels of the future what we find in real life, the heroine who is a heroine indeed, dignified, strong, just, yet sweet withal, and of a temper to make the domestic partnership, if not perfect after the maudlin pattern of goody-goody fiction, at least interesting and rational, which is much more to the purpose.

M. B. E.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

WITH few exceptions the members of this old-established Society are well represented in the present Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery, and there are some good works by young and comparatively unknown painters. Among the few figure compositions in the collection, one of the largest and most important is "Albert Durer's Commission for the Monastery," by Mr. L. C. Henley. The harshness of colour and execution that we have often noticed in the artist's work is apparent, but the monks, who are examining a large picture on an easel with critical interest, are extremely well-grouped, and their heads display variety as well as vivacity of expression. The materials of the subject, moreover, are so arranged as to produce a broad and simple effect of light and shade. Mr. John Burr's "A Politician"—a very dogmatic-looking old peasant, with a newspaper in his hand—is an excellent study of character, very carefully painted; and there are good qualities in his picture of a little girl, with a large Newfoundland dog, "Going to School" through a cornfield; but it is on a larger scale than the subject justifies. Mr. Carlton A. Smith's picture of two attractive fishing-girls, with the implements of their craft, on the sea coast, called "Toilers by the Sea," is distinguished by harmony of composition, purity of colour, and finished workmanship. The figures are naturally grouped, and the other elements of the work, including the wide expanse of sand, the distant sea, and the sky, are in excellent keeping with them. Mr. J. R. Reid has a sketch, fresh in colour and vigorously handled, of an old sailor contemplating the breaking waves; and Mr. P. Macnab a pleasing picture of a fishing-girl seated in an attitude of natural grace on a rock overlooking the sea, entitled "Dawn."

Mr. Arthur Hill's recognised skill in portraying the nude human form is shown in a picture of moderate size, "The Shell." The figure of the maiden who gracefully reclines on the ground, "applying to her ear the convolutions of a thick-lipped shell," is not perhaps a model of faultless beauty, but it is finely designed, and all its delicate contours are modelled with care and completeness. Mr. Haynes King has a picturesque cottage interior with three women discussing "A Letter from the Colonies," displaying truth of character and expression, together with great executive skill; and a smaller picture, equally good, of a girl at work beside a cottage window. Among the most successful of many other pictures of English rural life are Mr. W. Hemsley's group of children with kittens, "The Fairest of the Family," Mr. W. Christian Symonds's "Girl Knitting," and Mr. J. Hayllar's "Showing his Muscle." A small picture, strongly suggestive of bright daylight, of "A Cornish Lass," in a picturesque village street, by Flora M. Reid, deserves attention; and not less so a broadly-painted study of a schoolboy "In Disgrace," by Maria Brooks.

Mr. Leslie Thompson sends a view near "St. Vaast, Normandy," showing a long stretch of sandy road with a bright blue sky above, luminous in tone and painted in a sound style; and a second picture "Near Rye, Sussex," full of delicate modulation of sober colour. The wild mountainous landscape, with sheep "In Fold," by Mr. Edwin Ellis, is vigorously painted and effective, but not quite free from his prevailing tendency to exaggeration and excessive blackness. Unnecessary blackness in the shadows also detracts something from the value of an otherwise excellent picture of a dreary morass with

tempest-tossed trees, called "Solitude," by Mr. G. A. Boyle, whose work we have not met with before. Of several Dutch river scenes by Mr. Charles Thornely, the views of "Dordrecht" and "Zaandam" seem to us the best, but they are all full of picturesque beauty, and exquisitely harmonious in colour. Among many other good landscapes of small size are "Showery Weather," by Mr. Percy Belgrave, a vividly truthful sketch of "Ripley Common," by Mr. J. S. Hill, and a powerfully-painted study, "Stormy Weather," by Mr. G. A. Holmes.

## CANADIAN PICTURES

AT the Burlington Gallery, 27, Old Bond Street, may now be seen a series of water-colour drawings by Canadian artists. Sportsmen and travellers will probably find many of them highly interesting, but with few exceptions they have little claim to consideration as works of art. Mr. F. A. Verner, who furnishes a large proportion of them, concerns himself chiefly with sporting subjects. His drawings are executed with laborious care, and most of them appear to be faithful records of fact. In more than one he has depicted with some success a stampede of buffaloes before a prairie fire, but a greater command of colour than he possesses is required to do full justice to such a subject. In depicting a troop of frightened buffaloes rushing down a hill in bright daylight he has been much more successful. By Mr. L. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, there are several landscapes very highly finished in a conventional way; and by Mr. F. A. Hopkins a drawing of "Early Spring on the St. Lawrence," with huge masses of ice floating down the river, which forcibly impresses the spectator with a sense of its fidelity to fact. The only contribution of Mr. John Winter, "Waterfall, Nevada," is more harmonious in colour, and shows a much greater amount of executive ability, than any other drawing in the room.



• THE COUNTRY is looking pleasant and spring-like, though, on the whole, decidedly less forward than might have been expected from the consistent mildness of the winter. The hawthorn hedges are well out, and a luxuriant growth of dead and stinging nettles and other weeds makes the wayside of a cheerful green instead of the dull brown or grey which has prevailed during the winter months. Fruit trees are in rich blossom, the intense pink of the peach being noticeably fine, and great abundance of blossom also marking the cherry and the plum. The ordinary garden flowers of the season, narcissi and daffodils, have borne a great number of flowers, and the primroses are bright and numerous in the woods, which just now are extremely vocal with birds, though of the forest trees only a few are yet bursting their leaf buds. The rooks, busy with building operations, are exceedingly clamorous, while the bleating of lambs is a pleasant sound in farmers' ears; this has been an especially favourable season for lambing, and the losses among the young lambs have been very few. The meadows are beginning to afford a good bite of grass, and the early-sown spring barley is showing above ground a healthy appearance. Autumn wheat is good in colour and very strong in the ground, but it is not at all too high for the season, thanks to the check administered by the east winds of March. Roots and potatoes of last year's growth have held out well, and of potatoes a good breadth is now being planted. The early April rains have been very favourable for spring work, which from now may be expected to proceed apace.

ENSILAGE.—A great success has been attained by Mr. Timothy White on one of his farms in the Woolmer Forest. He experimented last July by having a pit dug, 15 ft. long, 9 ft. wide, and 8 ft. deep, in a sandy soil. In this pit, without any preparation of brickwork or cement to the sides or bottom, but simply the bare sand, was spread a layer of fresh-cut brake; on to that was thrown about 20 tons of fresh-cut grass in a very wet state (for it rained the greater part of the time), which filled the pit. It was allowed to remain untouched for two days for the grass to sink, when the "shrinkage" space was filled up. He then covered the grass with boards, and placed earth upon them, which he continued to add as its weight compressed the grass, until about 15 tons were heaped on. He then had heath piled on it to prevent heat from penetrating. Last month the silo was opened, and, to the farmer's surprise, the wet grass was found transformed into hay of fair colour and of extraordinary sweetness. He has had the boards again placed over the pit, with the heath heaped over them, leaving a covered entrance to it, to enable him to cut the ensilage as required for use. It is cut into chaff with the usual chaff-cutter, and the horses and cattle eat it readily. The use of salt in silos is being discouraged by many writers. One authority thinks 10 lb. to the ton too much; another says ewes are better without it altogether; while a third points out that salt in no way assists in preserving the substance, and is only useful as a condiment, so that it may just as well be added after as put in at first.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY are not letting the grass grow under their feet. As many as 331 new members were elected at the last Council meeting, and ninety-two proposed for election. The same Council meeting resolved to support the Lords' Amendments to the Government Cattle Disease Bill. The arrangements making for the Shrewsbury Show are already extensive, and the implement department promises to be larger than ever. The inventions dealing with ensilage will form quite a little show to themselves. The 25% prize for an efficient machine for cutting and elevating materials has attracted a number of entries, and the trials of these machines will awaken considerable interest. For sheaf-binding machinery prizes of 175% are offered, and extensive experiments will take place at harvest time. The use of wire is prohibited. The time that has elapsed since the last sheaf-binding trials has given time for perfecting the machines which then participated in the contest for the honour of the Royal award, and has also resulted in the development of new inventions, so that the forthcoming competition gives promise of producing one or more machines in distinct advance of those already known. The show of Shropshire sheep is expected to be very fine and large, and of course the Hereford breeders will have a special opportunity. Wales, too, should be well represented, and the occasion is likely to be a good one for the pasture counties.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A swallow is reported to have been seen near Wareham, in Hampshire, as early as the 14th March.—A correspondent claims to have heard the cuckoo on 23rd March at Markinch, in Fife.—On the 5th and 6th April we observed bats busy hawking for flies. This is early for the "flittermice," as they are called in Kent, but the fine weather has doubtless brought their hibernation to an earlier end than usual.

APRIL must have been a month of many holidays in pre-Reformation times. There was general holiday from Maundy Thursday to Easter Tuesday inclusive, and in the country work was seldom done on Hocking Tuesday—the third Tuesday after Easter—or on St. George's Day, the 23rd, which latter festival, after being observed for more than three centuries in an irregular fashion, was made a species of statutory holiday by Henry V. Blue was the

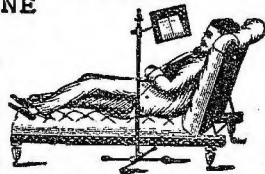


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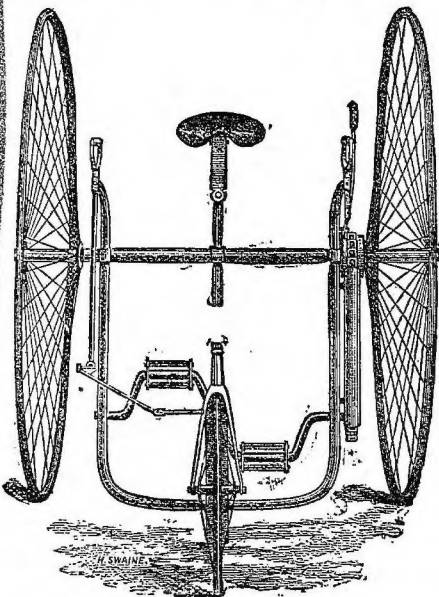
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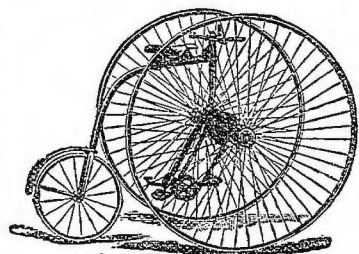
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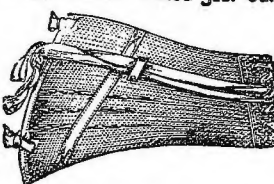
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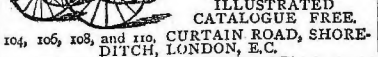
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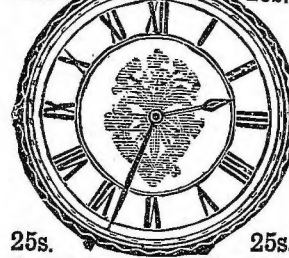
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